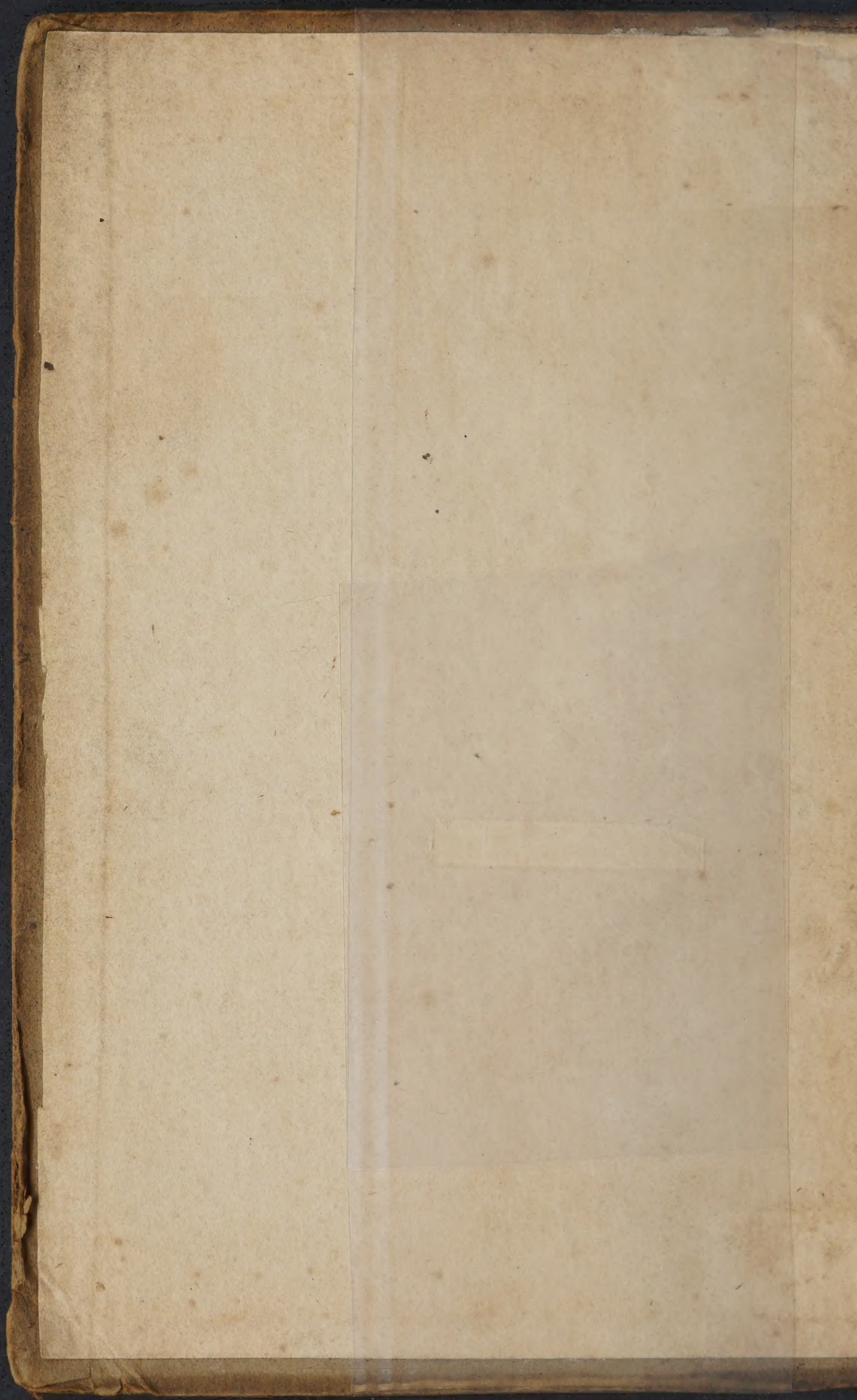


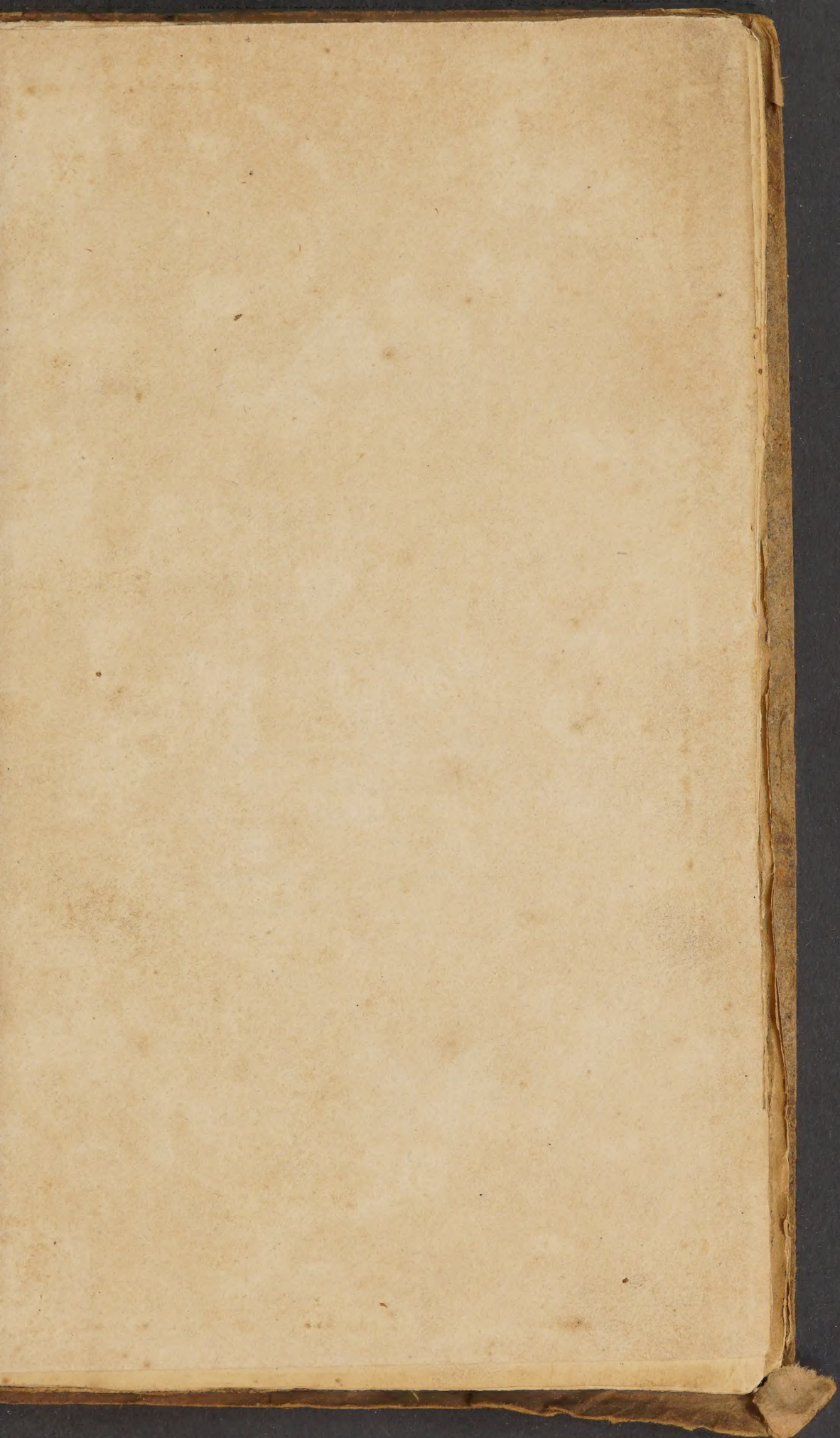
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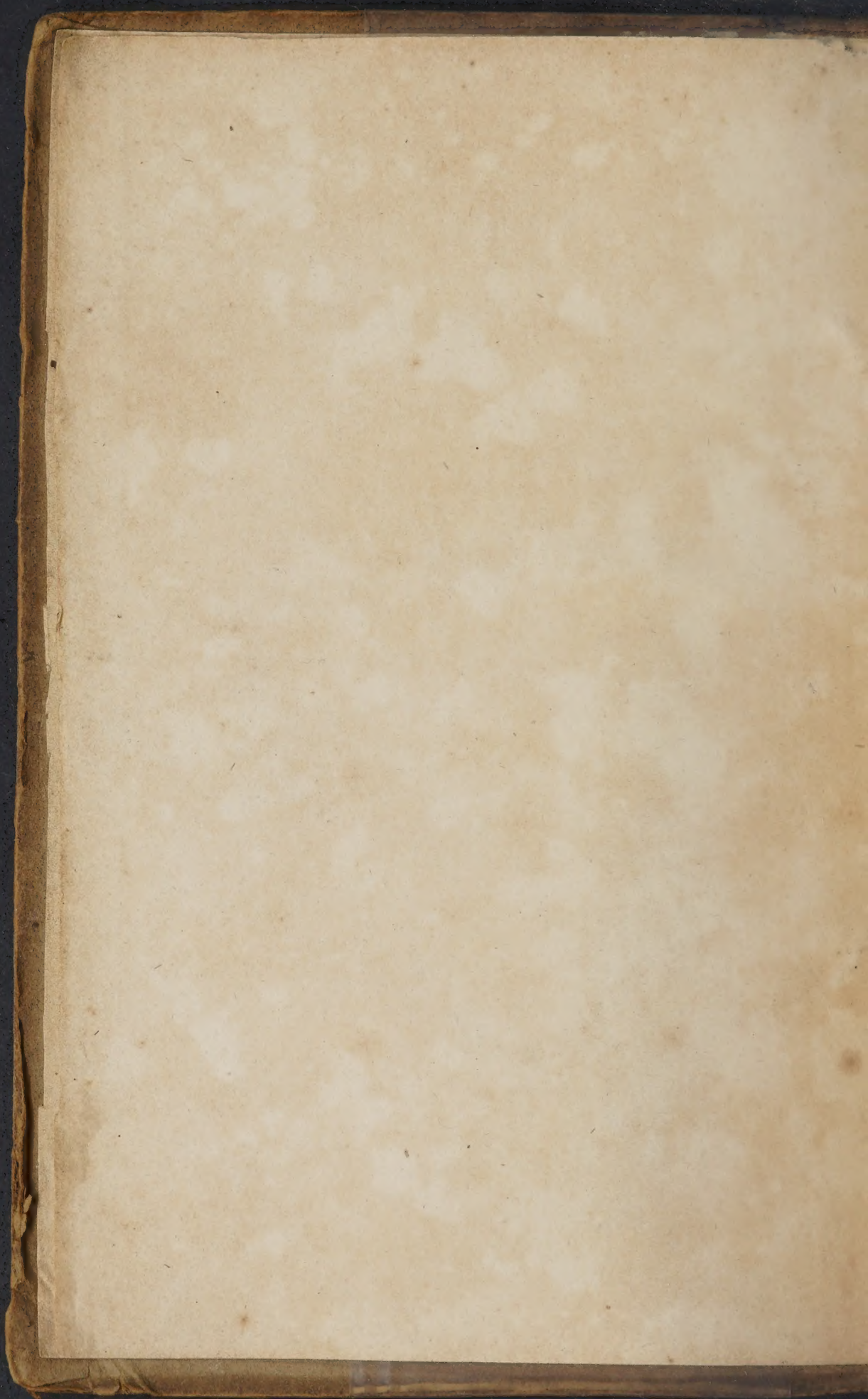


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SONGS:

CHIEFLY

IN THE RURAL LANGUAGE

OF

SCOTLAND.

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“ Such as I’ve heard in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band;
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripened ear.”

London :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By Smith & Davy, 17, Queen Street, Seven Dials;

AND SOLD BY J. HEARNE, 218, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD;

SHERWOOD, NEELY AND JONES, PATERNOSTER ROW;

J. M. RICHARDSON, CORNHILL; AND

RODWELL, LATE FAULDER, NEW BOND STREET.

1813.

SONGS:

CHIEFLY

IN THE RURAL LANGUAGE

OF

SCOTLAND.

BY

ALBAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Such are the feelings which I have
felt from the first I have known
When I have seen the mountains
In the morning light, the evening sun."

SCOTLAND:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

By James Duff, 27, George Street, Glasgow.

AND SOLD BY J. HARRISON, 1, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

AND BY J. W. BARNARD, 10, WHITE COURT, LONDON.

AND BY J. W. BARNARD, 10, WHITE COURT, LONDON.

1841.

TO

HARRY PHILLIPS, ESQ.

NEW BOND STREET.

A POET who undertakes the composition of a Song, of numbers harmonious, of generous affluence of language, of imagery unsullied and glowing, as presented to the eye on the fresh bosom of nature, and eminent for noble, natural and original sentiments; may congratulate himself upon holding immediate communion with the sources of inspiration, if he finds it an undertaking of easy accomplishment. Innumerable are the competitors for the palm of lyrical excellence: for not only do our most popular Poets indulge themselves in song during the intermission of loftier labours, but every youth whose heart palpitates with delight in the presence of a comely damsel, stands prompt to celebrate her charms in verse; so that the continual chaunt of amatory numbers is heard in every village,

and in every hamlet. Neither fountain flows, nor rivulet murmurs, without being signalized in song. No green hill peers with summit unhallowed by the occasional footsteps of vagrant inspiration. The forest, the garden, and the grove, are elsewhere melodious than with the carol of their natural inhabitants, and every dale and sunward plat of ground, from the cliffs of Dover to the snowy peak of the remote Pentland, are familiar with the feet of the love-smitten minstrel. Notwithstanding, however, this general inclination towards lyrical composition, there is certainly a lack of pure lyrical excellence. Although the poetic heart has abundantly partaken of that passion, the throbs of which are the most delicious that visit the human soul, it has frequently failed to transmit its divine emotions to those verses which record that passion. The impassioned eloquence kindled by the presence of an adored mistress, the throbbings of the inspired heart when absence cherishes within it the noblest emotions, the broken agitation and conflict of feeling that disturb the soul when jealousy or despair convulse and agonize our frame, have all been permitted to perish; and that divine enthusiasm has been succeeded by a colder and more subdued feeling, where the head has been more frequently consulted than the heart.

DEDICATION.

To display more amply my own conceptions of what constitute the legitimate elements of lyrical composition, I will proceed to describe for the purpose of dismissing them, all the different species of transgressions into which I accuse the Poets of the heart of having fallen. After seriously meditating therefore upon the characteristic excellencies of those songs which the approval of the public has made popular, I have consented to censure, as wholly unworthy of future imitation, half a dozen devitations from the natural tone of British lyrical composition.

1. There is a class, of courtly Poets of ancient date, whose opinions have unfortunately travelled down unimpaired to the present day, infecting many with an insatiable desire of writing something out of the natural and ordinary track of human emotion. These persons proceed to refresh the hearts of their mistresses with metaphysical subtilties and sprightly sallies of wit, which appertain not to the customary feelings of the human race. They delight in displaying thoughts of a growth altogether different from those that are the natural possessors of the female bosom, and the heart not having been schooled in their particular track of thinking, compels itself to leap with reluctance at their fantastic and uncouth raptures.

Infinite is their pleasure in conjuring up logical conceits, quaint and remote allusions, and subtle prettinesses of expression; they surprize the heart without being able to seize it, and lift the soul to momentary wonder without possessing the power of captivating, or filling it with delicious agitation. To them belongs a true scholastic contempt for the uncultivated beauties of British landscape; they are particularly careful to encompass their mistresses with Eastern forests, floods, and habitations; neither do they permit them to repose in the shade of a tree, to saunter in an arbour, nor press their foot upon a flower whose appearance cannot be justified by classical quotation. Thus they make continual excursions for imagery in those paradisiacal regions, where the imagination can repose itself wholly undisturbed by those rural sounds which are familiar and welcome to a British ear. Whatever is of native growth to them is vulgar, and the reader, wearied of their presence, dismisses their compositions; conscious that those who keep themselves always within the trammels of classical imitation, will ever succeed in signalizing themselves for coldness of heart.

2. Akin to that class of lyrical transgressors which I have already mentioned, appear a humbler race of bards,

who cannot ruminate on the countenance or proportion of the objects of their adoration, without assisting their contemplations with the remembrance of Venus, or the fascinations of her illustrious companions the Graces. These gentle youths cannot feel the commonest emotion of the heart, without compelling Cupid to exhaust his whole quiver upon their persons; nor dream of virgin chasteness, unless they are visited by Diana and a numerous train of celestial huntresses. Whatever is presented to their eyes instantly assumes a classical complexion, and they salute the common luminaries of heaven according to the manner of the heathen. It certainly calls forth emotions of a colder aspect than love, for a lady to listen to a splendid invocation to Apollo ere that adored name is pronounced, at which the Poet should alone seek inspiration. We doubtless form a very lively and accurate notion of the object of that Poet's love, who tells us, that she is rosy-palmed like Venus; that she resembles the youngest of her handmaids, and has the gait of a wood nymph. We tremble for the sterility of our native landscape, when we are informed that pillars of perfume accompany her footsteps, and that the pasture upon which she walks is a carpet of most odoriferous herbs, and precious flowers of unperishable blossom. At the same time we sigh for the stubborn-

ness of a British grove, when we find those in which this happy damsel chuses to saunter, bending most courteously their fragrant tops, and crowding and combining into charming arbours for her reception. Instead of giving us a simple and sweet drawing of the person, at whose idea the Poet's soul should be awakened, he lifts his classic wand, and instantly a procession of the female deities of floods and fields are compelled to pass before us, and rigid comparisons are made with the most celebrated excellencies of each. This, I confess, is a sin, which frequently distinguishes a youth during his abode at college; but it is easy to preserve, unpolluted, the natural current of composition where the heart is entangled. A Poet, under the influence of passion, will never encumber his verses with abstracted personages who disturb the rapid and glowing progress of thought. He will dismiss the whole pomp, paraphernalia and pageantry of heathen deification; and reverence and employ in their place the fresh and impressive imagery of his native land, and the simple and unadorned language of sensibility and spontaneous emotion.

3. Distinct from these, and yet tinctured with pedantry equally fantastic, comes that description of Poets whose understandings are tainted with the belief, that the present

race of mortals has degenerated and fallen off from primeval innocence, and bewail in melancholy strains the sinfulness of man's heart, which has visited the earth with a general curse of unfruitfulness. Anxious, therefore, to restore a resemblance of man's lost estate, they imagine a race of beings perfectly pure, and people with them, regions of such beatific splendour and fertility, that every heart is filled with lamentation for the world we have lost. In this most delightful of possible worlds, the whole occupation of man is to contrive and frame melodious instruments to accompany the song, with which his fair companion amuses their flocks during their hours of pasture. Woman walks apparelled in her robe of natural innocence, and entwines with garlands her hair by the mirror of some fountain that takes especial heed to be clear, so that she may contemplate her whole person, sweeping locks and all. Beneath their feet the turf has never suffered the cultivator's plough-share to pass along its bosom, but yields its fruit spontaneously at the will of the possessor. Perpetually luxuriant, the groves never shook with the tempestuous blast of winter, and over head shines an ever vivifying sun, whose brilliant path in heaven no cloud ever offended. Pan himself sits self-crowned potentate of the beauteous domains, but he exacts no stipend, he places no

land mark. His subjects are, however, obliged to try their new musical instruments in his presence, for he permits none to be fashioned whose notes, like those of the Highland bagpipe, might stir his clans to conflict. Meantime, in the tops of the groves resounds perpetual rivalry between choirs of certain melodious birds, who mention in alternate strains that Sylvander and Chloris have met, for the first time, in an arbour of woodbine, and are consenting to fulfil their nuptial engagements, when the birds have disposed their heads to roost beneath their wings. In the morning, certain ruddy-countenanced shepherds commence a discreet concert, to commemorate the consummation of their nuptials. Pan is filled with infinite anguish when he hearkens to music more charming than the notes of his Arcadian lute. He obtains from Apollo an immortal strain, with which he detains a cavalcade of nays and wood nymphs; who, enamoured with mortal music, were about to prefer the suit of a lusty shepherd to that of Apollo himself, graceful as when he piped of old before the flocks of Admetus. Now we contemplate these beings without emotion, and recognize not one ancestral feature about their whole persons. In a region so supremely blest as their's we anticipate every event, and no alarm can call forth the active feelings of the mind

where no disaster can possibly happen. No noble actions are performed where there is no ambition to stimulate us, nor competition for pre-eminence to call forth chivalrous adventure. The measure of felicity is already full, and man having no social sympathy to bestow upon those with whom the gods are so familiar, dismisses them without any reluctance to mingle with society more akin to himself.

4. A fraternity of lyrical sentimentalists have recently made their appearance, with a professed veneration and high-toned affection for every thing which excites no emotions in any breasts but their own. They have immediate drops of tenderness to shed over the remains of an old hawthorn; and hours of enthusiastic adoration to devote to the company of a daisy, when it first sets its head above the clod. A lilly new risen on the margin of a lake, shows its blossom amid thanksgiving and song; and should it be trodden down or browsed, a fruitful fountain of tears is opened, and the flood-gates of lamentation do not always close with the will of the possessor. They walk in continual terror of bruising a flower, or maiming a gnat, and are indignant with any rustic who profanes with too rude a foot the living carpet of nature. They

have likewise discovered a new method of adoring the perfections of woman. Instead of being enraptured with the accomplishments of the mind, the tenderness of the heart, or personal loveliness, they permit the print of a damsel's foot, or her cast-off apparel, to elicit forth devotional admiration; a lily hand excites no emotion, but the tea cup which it has touched calls forth profuse, and immediate transport and tenderness. Even the prospect of chastely enclosing in their arms the fair proportioned form of a beloved mistress, which heretofore has made the heart of many a bard bound for joy, possesses no charms for them compared to that of clasping her cast-off slipper, or sobbing on the pillow where her head has reclined. The imagery which accompanies this distempered sensibility, presents throughout the same unnatural complexion. The lumber and offal of the earth are to them relics of inestimable value, and they have a mortal aversion to all improvement that disturbs the prospects with which their childhood was familiar. They would rather leave unsown an acre of good corn, than prevent the expansion of a flower for which they had conceived an affection. Nature is arraigned for permitting a venerable oak to decay and become sapless, and the lord of the manor is rebuked, for wantonly removing a heap of stones to sow corn in its

stead. Sorrowful are they to see a hawthorn plundered of its boughs by the well-whetted axe of the husbandman, and it is pitiful to behold a goodly ash hewn down and polished, for the purpose of fastening upon it the cultivator's plough-share. Of these and similar materials, is their sympathetic imagery composed. Possessing, therefore, a sickly feeling wholly different from the general current which runs through the hearts of mankind, we find it impossible for us to participate in their emotions. They possess strong natural genius with the unhappy faculty of perverting all its dictates, and subduing it into obedient servility when it is likely to become buoyant. As there is little hope of the order of nature being reversed for the sake of fulfilling their desire of becoming popular, I may safely dismiss them as unnecessary innovators on the chasteness of lyrical spirit and composition.

5. Under the fifth head I arrange that class of Poets, who, finding no British name sufficiently sonorous to honour with their adoration, introduce the heroines of heathen lyrics into Christian song. Instead of pouring out at the altar of British beauty the eloquent overflowings of the heart—instead of making a pathetic appeal to a name

found common on their native baptismal register, we find them passing benevolent benedictions on the visitations of imaginary eyes, and complaining of wounds received from names we know are not near to inflict them. We find them abounding in devotional tenderesses to Delia. Preferring complaints in abject bitterness of soul against the cruelty of Chloris, and moaning under the dominion of Chloe, a name that has tyrannised in poetry since the time of the Crusades. Now there is something refreshing and delightful to find harmonious names in verse, which mingle in native society. The names of British ladies have a sound that comes grateful to the ear, and rouse up delightful recollections within us. Let then this classical pedantry be totally dismissed, and let us have British lyrics unpolluted with antiquated or exotic ornaments.

6. In the last place, I come to speak of those who endeavouring to be simple are continually childish, and become constantly mean in attempting to be purely rural. For simple and manly emotions, we have affectation and infantine prattle; and for the fresh and gratifying luxuriance of natural landscape, we are presented with scenery on which the eye becomes sick while contemplating it.

They are particularly fond of a pastoral life, and contrive to purchase flocks which never wander from their pasture, and shed their fleeces in all the luxuriance that the proprietor wishes. Meantime the shepherd himself couches by the side of a murmuring stream, which he contrives to make a torrent with his tears, because a nymph who tends her flocks in the neighbourhood, refuses to surrender her person to his embraces. During all this the maid is standing, unespied, beside him, and becoming moved at his affliction, throws her arms around his neck, and they are married in the morning. I do not know that I am justified in calling all this the transgression of men of genius.

I am conscious, that by this wide sweeping censure, many Poets are arraigned who have hitherto been considered of high lyrical eminence, and others attainted of occasional treasons against nature; some of whose songs are the master-pieces of lyrical excellence. But, I have been wholly desirous of fixing an accurate idea of what I hold to be the natural elements of British song, by disencumbering it of those gorgeous trappings and unnatural decorations, with which injudicious innovators have ob-

scured its beauties. This labour, perhaps, may not be unacceptable to those, who prefer the simple and negligent strokes of nature, to the studied and elaborate enrichments of art—who admire spontaneous simplicity of soul, charming artlessness of manners, and curious felicity, force and feeling of expression; and who adore the simple pathos which sinks to the soul, above all the funereal pomp and circumstance of the most laboured elegy.

It now becomes my duty to say something concerning the Songs which compose this volume. I have attempted to preserve inviolable, what I conceived to be the primitive rules of lyrical composition, and associate with the emotions of love the rural imagery of my native land.

Perhaps the English reader may think, that I have sprinkled them somewhat too profusely with the rural language of Scotland; but the sound of my native tongue stirred up pleasant remembrances within me, which I sought not to resist; and in it I discovered a lyrical grace and harmony, which elsewhere I sought after in vain.

By your generosity, I have been enabled to present this volume before my countrymen, for approval or disapprobation; and without your spontaneous and unsolicited assistance, the Public would never have had the pain of censuring, or the pleasure of tolerating it.

I am,

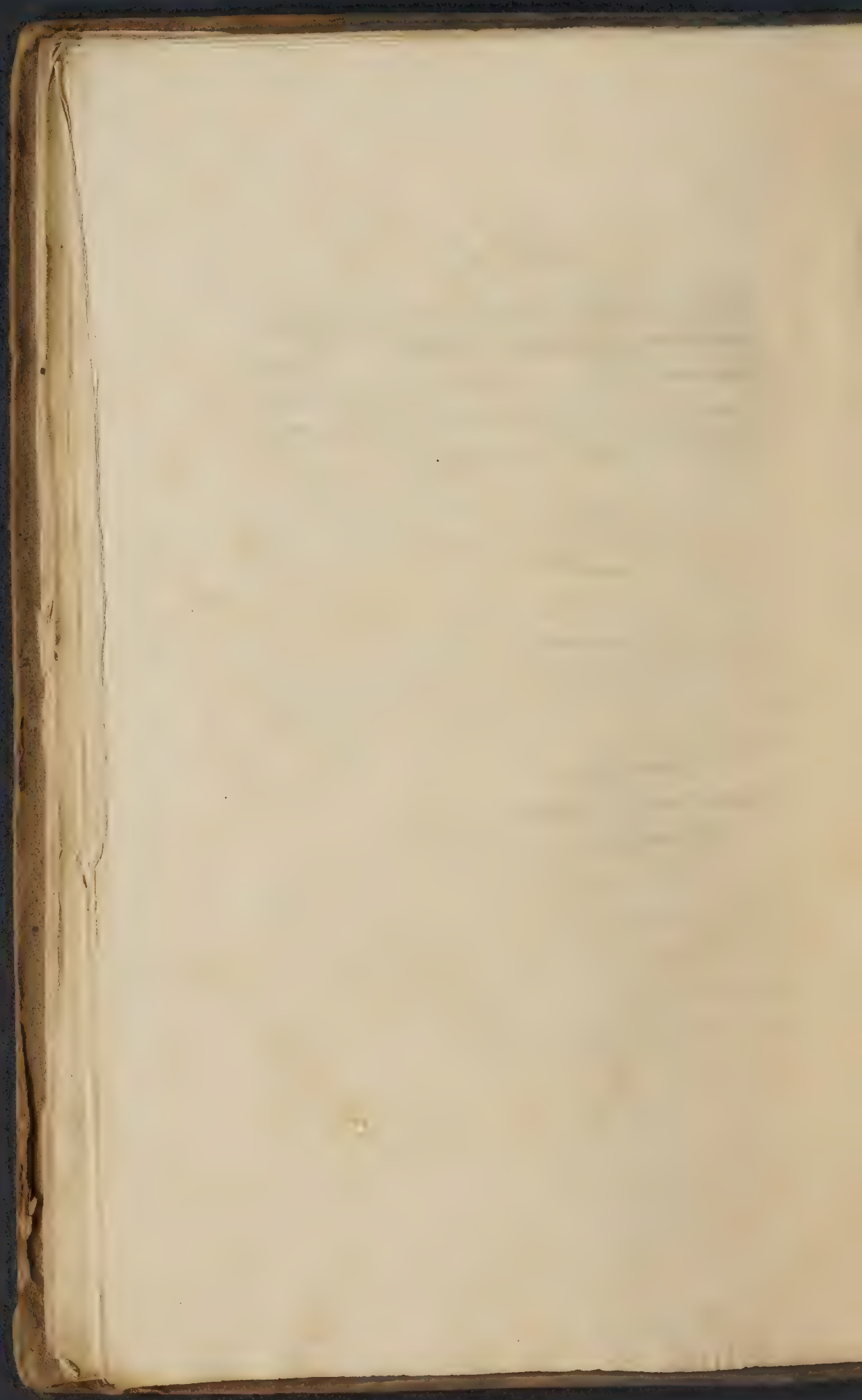
SIR,

With sincere respect,

Your most obedient servant,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

*3, St. John's Street,
St. John's Church, Westminster,
1st June, 1813.*

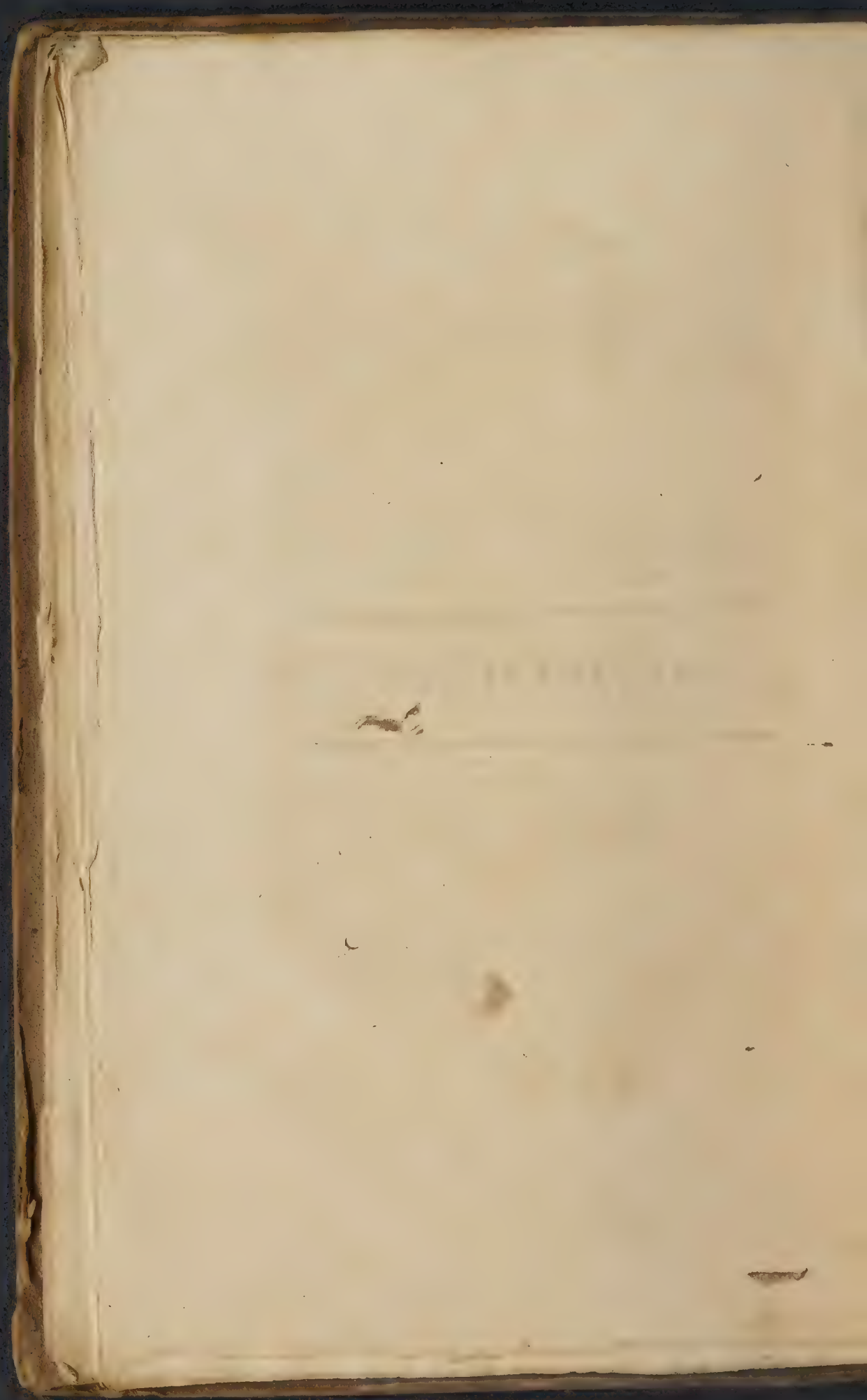


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SCOTISH SONGS.



SCOTISH SONGS.



MY LOVE HAS MESHES IN HER HAIR.

SONG I.

1.

MY love has meshes in her hair,
And witch-locks o'er her arched brows;
Pure and fresh colour'd are her cheeks,
Like crimson on a creamy rose;
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

2.

My love is rosie on the lip,
And dear I long to kiss the rose;
A lillie spotless as her breast
Rose never gemm'd with morning dews;
Ne'er saint in adoration more
Of pureness lov'd than I adore.

3.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,
New waken'd to adorn the skies;
And I will by our tryste thorn sit,
And watch them at their ev'ning rise;
That when they shine on tow'r and tree,
Their heav'nly light may fall on me.

4.

O Evening, gray-lock'd and demure,
When bashful lovers come to woove,
O'er primrose bank and scented grove,
Thou shak'st thy tresses bright with dew;
Say, didst thou dew ere flower or tree,
More lovely or more sweet than she,

5.

Bear witness, O thou lover star,
New woke on Criffel's comely hill,
That light'st the lover on his path,
To meet his maid in green wood still;
Thy silver light did never shine,
On love more pure, more fond than mine.

6.

Bright on the lark's breast glanced the dew,
Beside us nestling on the lea;
She call'd her mate from golden cloud,
To warble by my love and me;
Nor from her gorlines did she move,
For well she saw our looks were love,

MY HEART IS IN SCOTLAND.

SONG II.

1.

MY heart is in Scotland, my heart is not here,
I left it at home with a lass I love dear;
When the ev'ning star comes o'er the hill-tops of green,
I bless its fair light, and I think on my Jean.
What distance can fasten, what country can bind,
The flight of my soul, or the march of my mind;
Though hills tow'r atween us, and wide waters flow,
My heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

2.

When I bade her farewell on the flow'r-blossom'd knowe,
The bright lamps of heaven more lovely did lowe;
The ocean return'd back the moon's silver beam,
The wood tops and fountains were all in a leam;
Our wet eyes to heaven in transports we threw,
Our souls talk'd of love, for our hearts were o'er fou;
Her warm parting kiss on my lips aye will glow,
For my heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

3.

How silent we met, and how lonesome the grove,
The rising moon welcom'd and kend of our love;
The wind mongst the branches hung list'ning and lowne,
The sweet flow'rs blush'd love, with their bloomy heads
down.

The hours seem'd but minutes, so lightsome they flew,
 Her arms clasped kinder, more sweet her lips grew;
 Till Aurora, gold-lock'd, set the land in a lowe,
 O my heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

4.

Now where are love's gloaming walks 'mang the new dew,
 The white clasping arms, and the red rosie mou;
 The eloquent tongue dropping honey of love,
 And the talk of two eyes which a statue might move:
 I left them by Criffel's green mountain at hame,
 And far from the heaven that holds them I came;
 Come wealth, or come want, or come weal, or come woe,
 My heart will be with them wherever I go.

THE WANTON WIFE.

SONG III.

1.

NITH trembling to the reaper's sang,
 Warm glitter'd in the morning sun,
 And murmur'd up the lonesome glen,
 Where wife of wanton wit did wonne.
 Her tongue wagg'd with unholy wit,
 Unstint by kirk or gospel ban';

And, aye, she wist the kirkyard mools
Green growing o'er her old goodman.

2.

Her old goodman drapp'd in at e'en,
With harvest hook, sore toil'd was he;
Small was his cog, and cauld his kale,
But anger never rais'd his e'e.
He bless'd the little, and was blythe,
While dame with clam'rous tongue began;
"O sorrow clap yere old bald pow,
And dance w'ye to the mools goodman."

3.

He hang his bonnet on the pin,
And down he lay in dole and pine;
While she sat singing in the nook,
And touting at the rosie wine.
The lark, mid morning's silver gray,
That wont to cheer him work-ward gaun,
Next morning miss'd amang the dew,
The blythe and dainty old goodman.

4.

The third morn dew on flow'r and tree,
Gan glorious in the sun to glow,
When sang the wanton wife to mark,
His feet gaun foremost o'er the knowe.
The first flight of the winter rime,
That on the kirkyard sward had faun,
The wanton wife skift off the grave,
A kirking with her new goodman.

5.

A dainty dame I wot she was,
High brent, and burnish'd was her brow,
'Mang lint locks curling, and her lips
Twin daisies dawn'd through honey dew.
And light and lovesome in the dance,
When hall was het, or kirk was wan;
Her hands two drifts of virgin snow,
In cold December's bosom faun.

6.

But, long e're winter's winds blew by,
She skirled in her lonesome howe;
Her new goodman with hazle rung,
Began to kame her wanton powe.
Her hearth was sloken'd out with care,
Toom grew her chest, and cauld her pan;
And dreech and dowie waxed the night,
Ere beltane with her new goodman.

7

She dreary sits 'tween naked walls,
Her cheeks ne'er dimpling into mirth,
Half happed haurling out of doors,
And hunger haunted at her hearth.
And see the tears thick in her locks,
Warm happing down her haffets wan;—
But, think her bitterness of soul,
In sorrow for her old goodman.

I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

SONG IV.

1.

I'LL gang nae mair to yon town,
Betide me joy, betide me pain;
I've tint my heart in yon town,
And dare na gang the gate again.
The sun shall cease to thowe the snow,
The corn to shoot with summer rain,
When I gang back to yon town,
To gang the gate my heart has gane.

2.

Yestre'en I went to yon town,
With heart in pleasure panting free,
As stag won from the hunter's snare,
As birdie building on the tree.
But ae half-hour tint all my peace,
And lair'd my soul in dole and pain;
And weary fa' the witchcraft wit,
That winna let it free again.

3.

Had I but been by Fortune's hand,
In lap of lordly grandeur thrown;
And she had trimm'd the humblest cot,
That ever rose in Caledon:

I'd lapt her in my princely plaid,
My heart in rapture flichtring fain,
And bless'd the happy hour I went,
To see the mirthsome town again.

4.

She's fair as summer-smiling morn,
But prouder still I wot she be;
Dread is the journey to her heart,
She measures in her haughty e'e.
But, ah! she's spotless as the flow'r,
New risen 'mang the summer rain;
And I maun gang to yon town,
To see the lovesome lass again.

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

SONG V.

1.

THE goldfinch loves the thistle top,
With beard down-dropping silver dew;
The lark rejoices with the sun,
Bright rising o'er the mountain blue.
But, I love best the summer moon,
Awak'ning on the eastern hill;

For then, in fragrant walks, I meet
The lovely lass of Preston-Mill.

2.

The balmy cowslips' carpet green,
My love's white foot along the plain;
The golden gowans wag their tops,
In her superior presence fain.
I clasp her to my beating heart,
With her sweet lips I take my will;
For long I woo'd before I won,
My lovely lass of Preston Mill.

3.

Mute was the wind, soft dropp'd the dew,
From heav'n's brow bright smiled the moon;
Flam'd all the stars, a silver mist
O'er-canopied the hills aboon.
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,
Our mixing breaths, all was so still;
Till golden-lock'd Aurora rose,
Peer to the lass of Preston-Mill.

4.

Were she an idol, all of gold,
Had I the eye of worldish care;
My worship were not more devout,
I could not love the maiden mair.
Till death's cold dew-drop dims my eye,
And my love-throbbing heart lies still;
Thine every wish that warms my soul,
My lovely lass of Preston-Mill.

THE LOCK OF RAVEN HAIR.

SONG VI.

1.

I HAVE a lock of raven hair,
I have a white silk glove;
And they are richly rain'd with tears
Of sad despairing love.
With soul-warm kisses on my lips,
To seal the true love token;
And many a heaven-attested vow,
Faithless all, and broken.

2.

How dear was once her lillie hand,
That propp'd her rosie cheek;
Dear was the blink of her black eye,
Which speechless love did speak.
How dear to me her lipping tongue,
Confessing love so meek;
And dearly she dwells within this heart,
Which her neglect doth break.

3.

Her lowland plaid is laid aside,
Her white-wool hose and shoon;
O'er her shoulders flows a gold weft veil,
And long grass-sweeping gown.

No more she pours the sweet Scotch sang,
Wild warbling through the grove;
Nor in sweet rumination strays
To meet her faithful love.

4.

O she may show those links of gold,
Hung o'er her bosom bare;
And she may show those diamond sprains,
Which truss her inky hair.
And she may show her new domains,
So richly laid and fair;
And she may show her heart to her God,
What broken vows are there.

LOVE AND SOMETHING MAIR.

SONG VII.

1.

AS I walk'd down the street yestreen,
Up came to me a comely quean;
A golden sprig held up her hair,
Her white breast heav'd divinely bare:
But, a roguish blink of her blue e'e,
Spake love and something mair to me.

2.

Sweet smiled the maid, and whisper'd lowne,
" You're kindly welcome, sir, to town;
Have you got gold, or white monie,
To drink a pint of wine with me."
Her eyes 'mongst amber tresses fair,
Said welcome love and something mair.

3.

" Nor gold have I, nor silver fine,
To give for cups of rosie wine:"
She loos'd a purse with silver band,
And show'd the red gold in her hand,
While love said laughing in her e'e,
Come take a homeward walk with me.

4.

She wet her lips with sparkling wine,
And press'd their rosie dew to mine;
While warmer as her sweet lips grew,
Around my neck her arms she threw.
I lock'd her in love's dearest grips,
My soul sat panting on my lips.

5.

Soft was the couch, as thistle downe,
Where sat the comely damsel on;
Blush'd in her cheeks the rosie wine,
And oh! her arms were wond'rous kin'.
And well I trow her amorous e'e,
Delighted swam in dew with me.

6.

Give me a pint of rosie wine,
With such a damsel frank and kin',
Then might the Kirk 'tween yule and yule,
Lead me to her black-pennance stool;
Such tribulation for to dree,
Would make kind love more sweet to me.

THE RED RED ROSE.

SONG VIII.

1.

WERE my true love yon violet,
So fragrant-breath'd, in garden green;
And I the morn-arousing lark,
I'd nestle in its breast at e'en;
There slumb'ring in my balmy bow'r,
My plumes rain'd bright with honey weet,
I'd wake with perfume on my wings,
And incense heaven with earthly sweet.

2.

Were my true love yon golden gean,
Hung sunward mid the morning dew;
And I a thrush to spread my plumes,
Fond o'er't and tend it where it grew;

Drop-ripe I'd bear it far away,
To some sweet spot untrod by men;
Then sow't and cherish't 'neath my breast,
And wake the comely plant agen.

3.

" O were my love yon red red rose,
Gay flow'ring o'er the castle wa',
And I a drop of gloaming dew,
Into its bonnie breast to fa';
O there beyond expression blest
I'd feast on fragrance all the night,
Seal'd in the silk soft faulds to rest
Till fley'd away by morning light. "

4.

How can I in my peasant cap,
Hope for to place yon princely gem,
Or tryste to wooe the twilight star,
New woke on heaven's diadem;
For I am but a stripling tree,
Placed on a parched plain to pine:
And my love is a sainted flower,
By Pilgrim dropp'd on holy shrine.

MARY WITH THE ROSIE LIPS.

SONG IX.

1.

THE birds wooe in spring time,
And pair in summer green,
But I love aye the bonnie lass,
I kiss'd so kind yestreen:
For kissing comes from kindness,
The kirk can ne'er say na',
So I'll kiss my Mary's rosie lips,
Though all the world saw.

2.

A charming armful is her waist,
Laced in her silken gown,
And beauty ne'er with such a foot,
Bepress'd the gowans down;
She's blythsome as the new-flown thrush,
In lonesome glen or shaw,
And willing are her rosie lips,
Which I love best of a'.

3.

Let dames bright-stoled the transports shun,
Of love's adoring grips,
And deem the balmy breeze too rude,
That wooes their lady-lips,

But give me in love's kindly clasps,
Beneath the bloomy haw,
My Mary with the rosie lips,
I love her best of a'.

4.

Yestreen she saunter'd 'mongst the woods,
On Nith's green banks alone ;
Mute listening with enraptur'd ear,
The ring-doves amorous moan.
I led my dew-lock'd maiden blythe,
Where beds of lillies blaw ;
And oft, ere rose the moon, she vow'd
She loved me best of a',

AWAKE MY LOVE.

SONG X.

1,

" **AWAKE** my love, ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray ;
Erewhile the hare denn'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew ;
Or wild swan claps her snowy wings,
By hunter's rous'd, at secret springs ;

Or birds upon the boughs awake
In song, till all the forests shake."

2.

She waken'd, and unclos'd her eye,
Like star new woke in frozen sky;
Dark curling locks her cheeks enclose,
Like fleece of thyme grown round a rose;
She comb'd the comely clusters down,
She lac'd her jupes, and clasp'd her shoon;
And from the cot, by Preston-burn,
Issued the rival light of morn.

3.

Forth as we walk'd love-list'ning round,
Harmonious waken'd rural sound;
The speckled lark, abreast by mate,
Career'd in song for heaven's gate:
From stripling tree replied the thrush,
The goldspink chirm'd from dewy bush,
And plover, fed on heather crop,
Called from the misty mountain top.

4.

" Sweet, said the maiden, while the day
Brightens to gold from silver gray,
To witness wood, and hedge, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake;
The smoke ascend in slender wreath,
From cottages embower'd beneath;
Where the blythe mower hastes along,
With glistering scythe and rural song."

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5.

My lovely Jean, and dost thou mark,
 The moral note of mounting lark;
 Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue,
 The warning precept of her song?
 Each bird that shakes the dewy grove,
 Warms his wild note with nuptial love;
 Brute, bird, and bee, with gracious sound,
 Whisper the sweets of wedlock round,

6.

Red blush'd she as a fresh sprung flower,
 Upblossom'd through the morning show'r;
 Untied her snood of sea-green fold,
 Bedropp'd with grass-hoppers of gold:
 Her rosie palm she laid in mine,
 And blush'd, " Sweet laddie I am thine;"
 In native loveliness she shone,
 A feast fit for the gods alone.

THE TURKISH MAID.

SONG XI.

1.

THE sinking sun's celestial red,
 Yet trembled on the mountain's head;
 Refresh'd in dew, the lover star
 Rejoic'd in western skies afar.

The moon o'er eastern mountain proud,
Brighten'd, but broke not through the cloud;
While Christian bondsmen, doom'd to pain,
Of freedom dream'd 'neath Paynim's chain.

2.

Hark! 'tis the Sultan's secret door,
And list that footfall on the floor;
And mark a maid, whose raiments' fold
Is bright with gems, and stiff with gold:
She waves her hand, meanwhile her breath
Holds stedfast as the tongue of death;
And her blue eyes divinely glow,
Twin stars woke in that heaven her brow.

3.

Backwards her raven curls she throws,
O'er shoulders white as sifted snows;
When rising through the evening's gloom,
Peers knight with Scotland's plaid and plume,
The silver-bearded thistle shows,
Companion'd by the lovely rose;
And in the bonnets circlet bound,
His front of heaven's divinest round.

4.

No whisper now, 'tis not the grove,
Where bashful maiden breathes of love;
Nor lonesome walk, where damsel vain
Of conquest, warms and cools again.
One whisper give, and from the sheath,
The warder's brand leaps whet for death;

One moment's more delay would prove,
The martyrdom of faithful love.

5.

She pauses with a smother'd sigh,
And backward casts her lovely eye;
But, with the filial reasoner strove,
The dear successful wrestler love.
The tears which in their founts awake,
Pled eloquent for parent's sake;
She leaves to gather with the dew,
And to her lovers arms she flew.

6.

Scarce had her lips of opening rose,
Time in delicious kiss to close;
When Turkish crests, in evening beam,
Disastrous shone like planet's gleam.
As fountain lilly moved with rain,
Silent she stood, then shook amain;
Till the best heart's blood wet the sand,
That ever throbb'd in heathen land.

7.

All tumult is and darkness now,
But hearken each descending blow;
And voices from the beach beneath,
Faint muttering prayers, in throes of death.
And listen to that dashing oar,
Distinct, now fainter, on the shore;
And chieftain's, stretch'd in gory sand,
Curse Scottish arm, and Scottish brand.

8.

The moon from scarfing clouds has broke,
The ocean reeks with silver smoke;
And mark yon ship, with gallant sweep,
Careering mistress of the deep:
Britannia perch'd with spear on prow,
Is taming the rebel surge below;
And in her warlike shadow laid,
The Scottish Knight and Turkish Maid.

LADY JEAN.

SONG XII.

1.

I LOVE a Lady fair, but to love her ah! how vain,
Too high is her degree for a peasant to attain,
Too rich the blood which swelleth and warmeth every vein,
To mix with one so mean O!
Red rosie is her cheek, dark is her beaming eye,
And sweep her amber tresses o'er her snowy bosom high,
A pillow far too princely for the toil-wet cheek to lie,
Of a peasant lad at e'en O.

2.

When gleams the summer sun on the Sunday morning fair,
At kirk I mark her bending her lovely neck in prayer,
A lovelier lustre wears her cheek, diviner is her air;

Her mind to heaven is soaring:
But, palpitates my bosom in fonder ecstasy,
When her bright-beaming eye glances secret on me,
Awe-smit I stoop my head to the fair divinity,
Her presence meek adoring.

3.

I've saunter'd ere the sun rose her habitation round,
The field where walked her lillie foot I deemed it holy
ground,
And I hied me to the arbour with honey-suckle bound,
Where she had sat yestreen O.
I rais'd her golden rose top, borne down with balmy dew,
Each fragrant flower I blessed, bright blooming as it grew,
And my arms in holy ardor around her seat I threw,
And wept for Lady Jean O.

4.

Oft 'mongst the yellow broom by her dwelling I have lain,
When homeward hied the cotter from the sweltry summer
plain,
Whilst the red sinking sun on the casement cast a stain,
Of the room where she doth lie O.
Long sat the lovely damsel lone ruminating there,
Then open'd her white casement, and amidst the dewy air,
Wav'd back her amber tresses with her lillie fingers bare,
And glanc'd on me her eye O.

5.

Oh dear I deem she loves me—at twilight's pleasant hour,
Descended the fair damsel from her father's turret tow'r,
And rapture-smitten met me by the green lonesome bow'r,

All in the bright moon's presence :
Around my glowing forehead she placed a chaplet fair,
Enwoven with two tresses of her long descending hair ;
I'll worship't as an idol in my bosom evermair,
With my whole heart's obesience.

THE LAIRD'S DAUGHTER.

SONG XIII.

1.

LOUND crew the gray cock, as the morning awoke,
For heaven soar'd the laverock ;
The hazle groves rang with the blythe merle's sang,
On fairie bank'd Bounaivrock :
When whisper'd a lad in a fair lady's ear,
" The golden lock'd morning begins for to peer,
And my bare breast must sunder Nith's silver current clear,
Ere the sun shines on Caerlaverock."

2.

" It is the lammas moon, clomb the dark clouds aboon,
That tempts the groves to waken ;
Or the flame's ruddy streak from Burnswark's bright peak,
That for the morn is taken.
For heed not the laverock, he lies of the morn ;
Hark ! the mavis sits mute on the blossoming thorn,

Nor the am'rous tongued craik from the green-bladed corn,
The morning dew has shaken."

3.

" O lovesome lady, take thy white arm from my neck,
And mark the light returning;
Through the casement a streak drops on thy rosie cheek,
Of the golden hue of morning.
Adown the greenwood brake my pathway I'll take,
Before thy proud father or kinsmen awake,
Else the two fairest eyes that ere shone for man's sake,
Might dim themselves with mourning."

4.

" Let the birds shake the grove, and the laverock above
Midst golden clouds repose him;
Let the bird take his strain, while in love's pleasant pain
I press thee to my bosom.
It is not in titles, nor grandeur, nor pow'r,
So virtuous a portion of mind for my dow'r,
I search'd thro' noble weeds, and I found a humble flow'r
Of a richer fairer blossom."

5.

So spake the fair dame, soon the sun's ruddy flame
'Gan town and tow'r illumine;
From the sky's silver road, the lark to the sod
His fragrant breast came pluming.
And see with his locks loosened bright to the day,
Leaps the white-footed lad down the bloom-cover'd way,
And sunders the Nith, that from banking to brae
In torrent might is foaming.

THE SECRET.

SONG XIV.

1.

AT eve I go on pilgrim tour,
To yon balmy budding bow'r,
To see green Nithsdale's fairest flow'r,
 Fresh in beauty's blossom;
My face is flush'd with true-love flame,
Yet I'll not tell my fair one's name.

2.

Sore I hate the tell-tale light,
Dear I love the grim midnight,
Clasping of my heart's delight
 Until the morning waken;
Ruddy on her cheeks of shame,
Yet will I secret hold her name.

3.

She has oxen, houses, land,
'Neath her father's high command;
And a fair and willing hand,
 To plight the sacred token
Of a spouse's dearest claim;
Yet I'll not tell my fair one's name.

THE MOURNING LADY.

SONG XV.

1.

BRIGHT shone the birks with morning dew,
And ruddy hung the clust'ring rowan;
Sweet smell'd the clover from the holm,
And clear the wave of Clouden flowing;
With me came forth the cloudless sun,
The forest tops and streams adorning;
When by Lincluden's tow'rs a dame,
Disturb'd with sighs the silent morning.

2.

On rosie palm her cheek reclin'd,
As down she press'd the clover blossom;
And through her banks of raven hair
Her fair front shone and snowy bosom;
Tear-wet her uncomforted cheek,
Its rosie lustre fast was losing;
And sad her eyes appear'd, like stars
Grown sick with golden morn disclosing.

3.

“ Fair com'st thou like a bridegroom forth,
Sweet sun rejoicing 'mongst the blossom;
Cold night-drops cluster 'mang my locks,
And colder dreep adown my bosom:

The sward anointing by the grove,
Where sleeps the best and truest lover;
The noblest heart, and purest mind,
That ere the bloomy turf did cover.

4.

“ No daisy soon shall blossom there,
Nor thyme with fragrant fleece be creeping;
I'll wear them with my nightly knees,
I'll drown them with my daily weeping.
I never lov'd a heart but one,
Yet loot that heart for me be broken;
I got but one token of my love,
And oh! that was a bloody token.

5.

“ I'll wear no gold sprig in my locks,
Nor ruby ring, nor diamond lacing;
I've lost a gem of heavenly worth,
And nought can be that gem replacing.
My love he was a bonnie flow'r,
That blossom'd forth in humble splendour;
But, I broke down the flow'r I lov'd,
And trode it 'neath my foot of grandeur.

6.

“ Oh had I wet his cheeks with tears,
Which now on his lone grave I'm shedding;
Oh had I pour'd my soul out thus,
When love his clay-cold cheeks did redden:

My love-seat ne'er had been this bow'r,
Nor my bridal couch this grassy cover;
Nor the bridegroom who maun lie to my breasts,
Had been the sods which hap my lover!"

THE FALSE ONE.

SONG XVI.

1.

DEAR I lov'd the bright-lock'd dame,
As light of heaven to my e'e;
Little I reck'd her rosie lips,
With vows of falseness mov'd to me.
And oh! I deem'd her heaving breast,
Was stamp'd with a celestial crest,
That virtue was the motto press'd
By the cold hand of chastity;
But, oh! on gross and base alloy,
Impress'd was heaven's most goodly die.

2.

Clasp'd in mine arms, devoutly she
Repos'd upon my breast her cheek;
And in a rapture-rousing strain,
Of love and virtue would she speak,

And oh ! impureness of the mind,
Could in her speech no shelter find,
Nor he who left his damsel kind,
A fairer maiden's love to seek :
But, oh ! those thoughts of glorious strain,
Lived in a dwelling gross and vain.

3.

Six weary months I've number'd by,
Since she fell from her track so fair;
And though an outcast from my heart,
Her once-loved image linger's there.
But like a silver fount parch'd dry,
Is love when hatred fills the eye,
A rough unseemly track doth lie,
Where pour'd the current sweet and clear :
Yet still one vagrant drop or two,
Come peering their chrystal sluices thro'.

OH MOUNT AND COME.

SONG XVII.

1.

OH mount and come, mount and make you read,
Come my lovesome dame, and be a captain's lady;
Pleasant in spring time to hear the blackbirds whine
Bagpipes blyther lilt 'neath the untrodden thistle.

2.

When sprightly trumpets sound, and pennons are a stream-
Stand on a hill top, and see my claymore gleaming; [ing,
There thy rosie palm, or heaving bosom show me,
Wight he'll wield his brand that disnae droop below me.

3.

And when our Scottish swords still wars wild commotion,
Homewards shall we come, sounding o'er the ocean;
She turned of lillie hue, syne like a rose bud ruddie,
And sunk into his arms, "I'll be a Captain's Lady."

THE BONNIE LASS.

SONG XVIII.

1.

GREEN rise Dalgoner hills, o'er the low valley flow'ring,
Unclosing bright the buds when the summer cloud is
show'ring;
Fair bloom the fruit-tree tops, where the birds are para-
mouring,
Beside them lives the bonnie lass whom I am adoring.

2.

Many lordly pilgrims at her fair feet are bowing,
Many a heart subduing pang they maun thole whilst suing;

Far distant maun I stand with my peasant wooing,
She is an anointed flow'r, not for my pouing.

3.

Were I but a cowslip, my gold tops unsealing,
By her fair forehead kiss'd, when to God she is kneeling;
Rich dew from her eyes for to fall in my blossom,
That sun ne'er arose that would drie't on my bosom.

TO JEAN IN HEAVEN.

SONG XIX.

1.

DALSWINTON holms are soon in bloom,
And early are her woods in green;
Her clover walks are honey-breathed,
And pleasant riv'lets reek between:
For lonesome lovers they are meet,
Who saunter forth with tentless feet,
The gowan bending 'mang the weet,
When evening draws her shady screen;
Retired from the noting eye,
Unloosing all the seals of joy.

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2.

Far in a deep untrodden nook,
A fragrant hawthorn there is seen;
Beside it trills a babbling brook,
That loops the banks of primrose green.
When spring wooes forth its blossom fair,
In solemn gait I hie me there,
And kneeling unto God in prayer,
I call upon thy shade, my Jean;
And soon I feel as thou wert near,
And heavenly whispers meet mine ear.

3.

I treasure all thy tokens love;
Thy ring, thy raven fillet fair,
Which curled o'er thy blooming cheek,
And swan-white neck beyond compare;
Bright as it glisters with my tears,
The beauteous cheek again appears,
O'er which I passed the silver sheers,
And cut the sacred pledge I wear:
Drenched from my troubled eyes with weet,
I dry it with my bosom's heat.

4.

Oft thou descendest in my dreams,
And seem'st by my bedside to stand;
Around thy waist, and on thy cheek,
Are marks of a celestial hand:

Divinely wakening I see,
The glances of thy dove-like e'e,
Which, smiling, thou dost bend on me,
 To go with thee to angel's land:
My arms outstretching thee to take,
I sleep of heaven; on earth I wake.

MY AIN KIND THING.

SONG XX.

1.

O HAP me frae the cauld blast,
My ain kind Jean;
The moon has stray'd amang the storm,
The stars are blawn up blin':
The snaw o'er the hill-top
Comes thick in the win';
O rise and let me in,
And thowe me in thy bosom,
My ain kind thing.

2.

O listen to the wild swan,
Forsaking the spring,
And rustling with the ice-sleet
He plumes from his wing:

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The small bird's frozen on the perch,
Nae mair to lilt and sing,
Or awake you in the spring;
Oh! pity then your leal love,
My ain kind thing.

3.

For love sings mair sweetly
Than bird upon the bough;
Blows lovelier than the violet
The verdure blooming through;
And thrives amid the mirkest storm,
As daisy 'mang May-dew; —
Put forth thy hand and pu',
And plant it in thy bosom,
For ever for to grow.

4.

Like fair Aurora's star
Rising through the morning smoke,
She rose, and from her fingers
Let fall her golden roke:
Up to her secret chamber,
By the heavy tempest shook,
The duteous lad she took,
And warm'd him in her bosom
Till the winter sun awoke.

J E A N I E.

SONG XXI.

1.

WERE my fair Jean yon ruddy rose,
Disclosing on its fragrant tree,
Its golden lips I would unseal,
Transform'd into a little bee ;
There murmuring blythe in balmy room,
I'd richly feast midst honey bloom.

2.

Or were I but yon little bird,
Sweet chaunting on the scented thorn,
I'd warble round her window fair,
And wake her at the smile of morn ;
Then flutter o'er her bosom bare,
And perch amid her raven hair.

3.

Or could I be the sun's first beam,
Now breaking o'er the upland fell,
A ray I'd through her casement pour,
And on her snowy bosom dwell ;
Her rosie lips and forehead kiss,
And wake her with my warming bliss.

MY NANIE O!

SONG XXII.

1.

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night, and rainie O;
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll go and see my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
My kind and winsome Nanie O;
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And none can do't but Nanie O.

2.

Her mother locks her chamber door,
And says to wooe I maunie O;
But, she cannot lock the dearest part,
The heart of my own Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
My leal and loving Nanie O;
I broke through bolts, and bars, and locks,
And won the heart of Nanie O.

3.

In preaching time, so meek she stands,
So saintly, and so bonnie O;
I cannot get one glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O.

My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
The world's in love with Nanie O;
That heart it is not worth the wear,
That wadnae love my Nanie O!

4.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
The pride of Nithsdale's Nanie O;
Love looks from 'neath her long brown hair,
And says, " I dwell with Nanie O."

5.

Tell not thou star at gray-day light,
O'er Tinwald top so bonnie O,
My footsteps mang the morning dew,
When coming from my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
None ken of me with Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrong my Nanie O.

THE FAIR-LOCKED YOUTH.

SONG XXIII.

1.

WHERE is he gone, my fair-lock'd youth,
Yestreen he came not to my bow'r;
While weary watch'd I, till the lark
Sprang heavenwards in harmonious tour;
The deer leap'd from his mountain lair,
As I wrung the rime-dew from my hair.

2.

At midnight came my father home,
No kindred looks remember'd he;
But, smote the room door with his foot,
And gaur'd the bolts and hinges flee;
As hurriedly he strode along,
My name was frequent on his tongue.

3.

This morn his look was troublous wild,
He wrung and wash'd his gory hand;
He strove to cleanse his blood-laced vest,
And free from gore his crooked brand;
And much he strove, but strove in vain,
To free it from the deadly stain.

4.

O deadly tokens I have got,
Which bode the sundering with my love;
And more than mortal signs I've seen,
Which earthly fondness doth reprove:
The leaping of my heart was still,
Yestreen while I look'd on vale and hill;

5.

Red sprang the fiery meteors bright,
Self-kindled on the marsh afar;
And bright career'd, o'er Burnswark peak,
The moon on her refulgent car;
Round her the stars' adoring train,
Sowed all the land with fiery rain:

6.

When lo! from Nith's wood-crested deeps,
A blaze of glorious light there came;
Upflash'd it, so transcendant bright,
The moon and stars were quench'd in flame;
The glories of the earth retire,
While heaven receives the fount of fire.

THE MAID I LOVE.

SONG XXIV.

1.

THE sinking sun smiles blythely,
Amang the green-wood knowes;
Where the honey bee is hanging
At the lilly and the rose:
And the new flown thrushes,
Deep in the bloomy howes,
Sing kindly to my Nancie,
While she drives home the ewes.

2.

My love's a bonnie bird,
In a summer morning flown,
When first on balmy wind it tries
Its wings of gorline down:
I have a golden dwelling
For to hold it in the town;
And may its song be pleasant,
As the sun sinks down.

3.

White beam her neck and forehead,
Aneath her links of brown;
The smiling of her bonnie eyes,
Seems new from heaven stown.

She is a fragrant pear tree,
New to its stature grown;
Beneath its pleasant shade,
I could aye lie down.

4.

How blest is the morn sun,
That keeks in on thee;
How blest too the small bird,
Which wakes thee from the tree.
When I seek the grace of heaven,
I will seek it in thine e'e;
For if it beams nae there, I wot
On earth it cannot be.

FASHIONABLE SIN.

SONG XXV.

1.

BY my Lady's side's a golden watch,
On my Lady's breast's a diamond broach;
Her locks are tied with ruby knot,
And a silver tass'led petticoat.
But, my Lord can leave those garments gay,
Those glistening locks with trinkets laden,
For golden tresses flowing free,
And graceful coats of hauslock plaiden.

2.

My lady's shoes are silver shod,
And silken hosen seam'd with gowd;
More riches wears o'er her e'e-bree,
Than would wadset any baronie.

But, Nancie's leg, so white and bare,
My Lord love's better than my Lady's;
And he loves mair her golden hair,
Which two love-laughing eyes o'ershadows,

3.

My Lady 'noints with dewes her cheek,
And sweetly lisps when she doth speak;
And scarce will stoop to tie her shoon,
So proud she eyes the sky aboon.

My Lord thinks mair of Nancie's cheek,
Which like a wine-dropp'd rose so red is;
Thinks more of Nancie's sweet Scotch tongue,
Than he does of his English Lady's.

4.

My Lady's bed is thistle down,
With purple hangings fringed roun';
But my Lord loves mair the beds of brekan,
With Nancie to his bosom taking.

My Lady plays on her spinnet,
But, Nancie's like a mavis lilting;

My Lord adores her folding song,
When from the grass her coats she's kilting.

5.

My Lady's jimp about the waist,
One maist might span her when she's laced ;
But, jentie Nancie grit is grown,
And loosely does she lace her gown :
No more she trips to bow'r and fauld,
Her hair no more in winsome brede is ;
But, my Lord has rain'd her locks with gold,
And laced her hosen like my Lady's.

COME WOOE ME AT YOUR LEISURE.

SONG XXVI.

1.

AS I walk'd through yon fragrant grove,
The harvest sun sunk weary ;
When blooming 'mang the flow'ry banks,
Came buxom Bess, my deary.
Deep in my heart her lillie foot
Beat love's delicious measure ;
And blythsome smiled her full blue eyes,
" Come wooe me at your leisure."

2.

Her lovesome shape, and rosie cheek,
Confess'd my winsome charmer ;

The very sounding of her foot,
My heart set throbbing warmer.
Loose to the wind, her hazle hair
Hung want'ning at its pleasure,
While love said laughing in her looks,
"Come wooe me at your leisure."

3.

Mute, rapture strook, her hand I took,
Down by yon murm'ring river;
That happy hour, in shady bower,
Shall I forget it?—Never.
Bright woke the sun from golden clouds,
And gazed with conscious pleasure;
While blythesome blink'd my lovesome Bess,
"Come wooe me at your leisure."

THE BROKEN HEART.

SONG XXVII.

1.

THE primroses will blow in spring,
The merles pair, and linnets sing,
And joy return to every thing,
To every thing but me:

The break of the leaf, the rising flow'r,
The song of birds, the fresh'ning show'r,
Once o'er my mind held heavenly pow'r,
But now they're lost on me.

2.

I'm fading away with the fa' o' the leaf,
I'm wearing down with mortal grief,
My heart to every joy is prief,
Woe's grown acquaint with me:
I loved a lady fair and meek,
The bud of the rose just 'gan to break,
Death pluck'd the blossom from her cheek,
And broke this heart to me.

3.

Now who will keep my stately tow'rs,
My forests green, and budding bow'rs,
Rank spring the weeds among the flow'rs,
Where my love wont to be:
Unreap'd the corn for me may fa',
Unpull'd the rose for me may blaw;
And owls roost in my painted ha',
And breed unharm'd by me.

4.

The white lillie is sprung again,
The daisy buds 'mang sunny rain,
The small birds with melodious strain,
Green woods congratulate:

But, nor green wood, nor bird on wing,
 To me my peace of mind can bring ;
 Soon o'er my grave may gay bird sing,
 And woo his merry mate.

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE.

SONG XXVIII.

1.

“ **T**HE hind berries blossom, the haw tree's new blown,
 The woodlark's gray-gorlines are feather'd and flown ;
 The black cock crows crouse from the hill's heathy brow,
 The mavis lilt love in the valley below :
 The corn's in the shot-blade, the meadow's new mawn,
 The doe on the mountain's at sport with the fawn ;
 While my winsome Jean is a bughting her ewes,”—
 Sung the yellow-hair'd laddie, amang the shiel knowes.

2.

The winsome young lassie look'd up from the howe,
 When she heard her love's voice sounding over the knowe ;
 And loudly she lilted reply to the strain,
 The lark heard in heaven, and answer'd again :
 “ The sun blythe awak'ning, says, lassie begin,
 But, my ewes are new shorn, and they winna bught in ;
 In clusters they link o'er the lillie white lea,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie come bught them for me.

3.

“ Yestreen in the gloaming gaun hame from the loan,
My black locks hung glistening with dew newly faun,
As loudly I sang through the gold waving broom,
‘ The yellow-hair’d laddie maun be my bridegroom :’
When out lap my lad from a bush of green thyme,
With his ripe lips delightful warm closing on mine ;
Saying, ‘ bed with me bride,’ while my heart rapture shook,
Maist lap through my side at each kiss that he took.”

4.

The grouse from the heath top loud-clamoring upsprang,
As the yellow-hair’d laddie came whistling alang ;
First bounded his white-bosom’d dog through the broom,
And next wav’d his plaid and his blue bonnet plume :
And his long yellow hair flung in locks by the wind,
Like a sunbeam of Autumn shone dazzling behind ;
While sparkled the bright silver clasps of his shoon,
As from the knowe head to the bughts he ran down.

5.

The scythe on the grass swathe for breakfast was thrown,
And the sun beam strook eight on the old dial stone ;
When the lassie came wading the yellow broom through,
With her raven locks tossing aback from her brow :
The milk reeking warm in her leglin she brings,
And loud as a bird in May morning she sings ;
“ O lang bloom the broom o’er the grass swaird so soft,
That perfumed my bride sheets spread green by the bught.”

THE ROSIE CHEEK.

SONG XXIX.

1.

ONCE I lov'd a rosie cheek,
Fool I was to wooe sae;
Once I lov'd a daisie lip,
I'll daute nae mair a posie;
Sweet is a rose to smell and pou,
When balmy is its crimson mou,
But there's a worm amang the dew;
'Tis nothing but a posie.

2.

Ae day I met a rosie cheek,
Amang the dew of even
Wi' an e'e that kend nae ill but love,
Could wyled a saint from heaven:
But, though sweet love's divinest lowe,
Warm in those rosie cheeks did glow,
Where pity has forgot to grow,
'Tis but a posie living.

3.

Woman thour't but a bairnlie playke,
Wi' nought but beauty's blossom;
But, thour't a flow'r of heavenly pow'r,
Wi' pity in thy bosom:

Wi' a' thy smiles, wi' a' thy charms,
 Wi' a' thy failings, and thy harms,
 Thour't lovelier in a bodie's arms,
 Than ought that wears a blossom!

THE PILGRIM.

SONG XXX.

1.

"**K**EEN o'er the Moloch hill the wind,
 Begrimes the land with winter snaw;
 The rills are lapping up with ice,
 No bright-hair'd star begins to shaw:
 So bide sweet lady from the blast,
 And ae night mense my lonesome ha';
 I'll guide ye through the morning drift,
 Before the cocks at dawning crow."

2.

Down sat the dame. The kindling hearth
 Blaz'd brightly while we gaily sang;
 Mute were that lady's lips, and down
 Confusion-smit her head she hang.
 The sweet milk curds came mix'd with cream,
 Kind came the grace from our goodman;
 She tasted like a new-snared bird,
 And bar'd nought save a lillie-han'.

3.

The saintly psalm was reverend sung,
And every one had bent the knee;
When such a glance that lady cast,
The burning tears sprang in mine e'e:
She haflins show'd a rosie cheek,
And neck like sifted snaws to see;
" Oh pardon, pardon, beauteous dame,
I had a false love once like thee."

4.

Red burn'd her cheek, but mute she sat,
Out curling came her locks of brown;
The tears came dewing all her veil,
From golden selvadge dropping down.
I caught that lady in mine arms,
And rais'd her from her bended knee;
" And hadst thou once, sweet youth, a love,
And was she fair and false as me."

5.

" She had a cheek, fair dame, like thine,
Warm touch'd with heaven's rarest stain;
A tongue that made even falseness sweet,
A neck like lillies wash'd in rain:
And she's still dwelling in my eye,
And in my heart still stirring pain;
And when I see a face like her's.
I feel her falseness all again.

6.

“ Nay, do not wipe those spouting eyes,
Nay, tremble not thou lillie hand;
For so could weep and tremble too,
The falsest maid in Scottish land.
Oh hang not down that beauteous face,
Like red rose drown’d in balmy rain;
Alas! my heart is leaping so,
As though ’twould be deceiv’d again.

7.

“ Nay, do not kneel, hang not on me,
Come loose away thy lillie hand.” —
“ Oh! here’s upon her true love’s breast,
The falsest maid in Scottish land:
And here her arms shall ever hang,
And thus her lips shall ever be,
Till thou dost seal her in thy heart,
The maid who proved so false to thee.”

THE BONNIE LASSIE.

SONG XXXI.

1.

MY damsel with the raven locks is young and blate witha’,
’Twin cherries are her lips, and her bosom is the snaw;
The lillie of the wilderness blooms fairest flower of a’,
Where there’s nought save the dew in its bosom to fa’.

2.

My love is like a seed dropp'd of a precious flow'r,
By the ruddy gowdspink in its green forest bow'r;
A heaven nourish'd plant by the sun and balmy show'r,
And none save the wild birds ken of its flow'r.

3.

For lightsome are her looks as the May morning's e'e,
Her lips are like a rose-bud unsuck'd by the bee;
She is the light of morning in every body's e'e,
And the drop of dearest blood in this bosom to me.

4.

A coffer of gold is a treasury of care,
The heart that is lock'd in't has no love to spare;
My lassie's breast's a coffer, and my heart's lock'd there,
And of love we're as fou as the birds when they pair.

5.

When drops the summer sun ahint Terreagle's knowes,
Sweet sounds the small birds' song through the low bloomy
howes;
Sweet comes my maiden's song 'mang the green waving
coves,
Delighting old and young as she ca's home the ewes.

6.

A young maiden's kindest, a young maiden's best,
She's like the merles' gorline stolen out of the nest;
It sings aye the sweeter the more it is carest,
And 'twill nestle near your bosom at evening to rest.

7.

For sixteen is a honey pear, beginning for to blow,
Seventeen is its golden cheek, just ready for to show;
Eighteen is drop ripe, and tempting witha',
And nineteen is pou't, if ye e'er pou't at a'.

KIND LOVE IS A LIGHTSOME THING.

SONG XXXII.

1.

WHAT lifts the heart of youthood gay?
What throwes the frost of dotage gray?
What charms the hermitage and town?
'Tis love that warms the world aroun'.

2.

The mavis loves the breath of spring,
That mirth and music back does bring;
And builds his nest, and loud doth sing,
"Kind love is a lightsome thing."

3.

With love the grasshopper made bold,
Plumes his crisp'd wings of green and gold;
And on the sunward bank reclin'd,
Chirms amorous in the sunny wind.

4.

The damsel who could hearken cold,
To wonders which of love were told ;
Now listens sweet, and answers kind,
Loves pleasant trouble fills her mind.

5.

Dear then by burn banks and by bow'rs,
To sit and wooe 'mang new come flow'rs ;
And hold, with beauteous damsel kind,
Delicious commerce of the mind.

6.

But, ah ! more dear is winter cold,
When snow-wreaths lie on height and hold ;
In darkest shade to tryste our maid,
And lock her in love's warmest fold.

7.

Some lovers court with letters brade,
Some with rich tokens wooe their maid ;
And some in short love grips will wooe,
And that's the kindest way to do.

THE THEFTS OF LOVE.

SONG XXXIII.

1.

YESTRE'EN a fair maid came to me,
And sweetly said, and courteslie;
" The moon is up at midnight hour,
And my lady's in her painted bowr;
To rouse the deer my lord is gone,
And she maun lie all night alone;
So prove your faith and courtesie,
Rise up, kind sir, and follow me."

2.

What heart could say such kindness nay,
Adown the street I took my way;
I enter'd by a lonesome door
Into that lady's private bow'r;
The stars shone bright, the new woke moon
Celestial glow'd from heaven down;
My lady's cheeks, as in I came,
Were blushing red with love and shame.

3.

From her lilly hand she gave to me,
A gold ring, dropp'd with diamonds three;
With rosie palm, from painted bowers
She led me 'mang the garden flowers;

Where fragrant thyme and violets wove,
A scented couch for kindest love;
I slipt mine arms her waist aroun',
And prest their yielding blossoms down.

4.

How sweet to rove at midnight hour,
With rosie dame in private bow'r;
And hold, on cowslip bank reclin'd,
Communion charming with the mind;
And pluck unknown from beauteous shoot,
Sweet beveridge of forbidden fruit;
While scarf'd the moon in golden sheet,
Sleeps conscious of a theft so sweet.

5.

Thou diamond star, far beaming bright,
Set on the raven robes of night;
Thou moon, o'er evening's dusky ledge
Upheaving thine illustrious edge,
Till from a silver-tassel'd cloud,
Thou peerest like city lady proud;
I swear even by your heav'nly flame,
Ne'er for to lip that lady's name.

THE LAD WHO COURTED ME.

SONG XXXIV.

1.

CAME ye down Clouden's hazle banks,
Or through the haughs of haunted Dee;
Cross'd ye the fairy loops of Orr,
Saw ye the lad who courted me?
An eagle plume wav'd o'er his crown,
A broad-sword dangled at his knee;
I'd farm'd ye Nithsdale's fairest holm,
Ye'd seen the lad who courted me.

2.

He sounded by my father's gates,
With squadrons marshalled fair to see;
On banners selvadged round with gold,
The thistle flaunted bonnilie;
Bright belted plaids, and tartan kilts,
And garter knots below the knee,
All moved unto my love's command,
The blythe lad who courted me.

3.

The sun had clomb the eastern hill,
Above the Highland chivalrie,
When mov'd the land with sudden flame
Of burnish'd broad-swords, bright to see.

Far gazed the maids from mountain tops,
O'er sounding stream, and tow'r, and tree ;
And old men from the valley sped,
He'd bring home sound of victorie.

4.

A golden bonnet wore my love,
And shook a broad rank-sweeping brand ;
Bright beam'd his forehead raven lock'd,
His dark eye shone for high command :
And low he stoop'd his eagle crest,
And wanton love laugh'd in his e'e ;
" Come kiss, and go with me, sweet lass,"
Quoth the bonnie lad who courted me.

5.

May yon green broom ne'er bloom again,
Gaur'd me go kilted to the knee ;
May that blythe bird ne'er build a nest,
That sung to see the hawk with me.
Some ladies wooe for snoods of gold,
And diamond tokens, rare to see ;
But, I've a pledge of living love,
From the dear lad who courted me.

BONNIE JEAN.

SONG XXXV.

1.

FAIR dweller by the Solway foam,
White-footed maid of Preston Plain;
Sweet lass, with love-locks raven black,
When wilt thou show thy face again:
For few they are, and far between
The visits of my bonnie Jean.

2.

Now fading is the summer sun,
Bright-smiling o'er the tufted knowes,
The shepherd's homeward song I hear,
From folding of his lambs and ewes:
And evening's herald star is near,
Which trystes the hour I meet my dear.

3.

Reclin'd she at her casement sits,
More lovely than a new-found star,
Awoke with the Creator's breath,
O'er Criffel's comely peak afar:
When stops the herdsman at his fold,
The beauteous stranger to behold.

4.

Moves all the grove with yellow throats,
Harmonious shakers of the shade;
The wind wafts incense from the bank,
With blossom'd cowslips rich inlaid:
Blythe bird, and odoriferous flow'r,
Rejoice around my maiden's bow'r.

5.

O were I heaven's precenter lark,
In morning's silver porch to sing,
The angel path I would forsake,
Fond hov'ring on delighted wing;
On my love's casement to alight,
And hymn her wakening founts of light.

6.

For oh! her bonnie balmy mouth,
Is fragrant as a new-sprung rose;
Shine when she smiles her polished teeth,
Clear sown like April morning dews:
And the sweet breath which dwelleth there,
Is as the clover-perfum'd air.

7.

In arbour of wine-scented plane,
'Mang cowslip borders budding green;
There on spring's virgin-blossom'd sheets,
Oh let me sit aside my Jean;
Touching her bosom's silken fold,
Communion with her lips to hold.

8.

Her words are honey to my mind,
For precious ointment's on her tongue;
Love's sweetly lisp'ing messenger,
Within his balmy portal hung:
Which doth delightful tidings bear,
As ever came to mortal ear.

9.

Bright wave the witch-locks on her brow,
And graceful on her rosie cheek;
And, oh! they have enchain'd my heart,
That fain again would freedom seek;
Some troublous moments to remain,
Till charm'd within these toils again.

10.

Stream-water'd is my garden gay,
Where herbs sweet bleeding tops disclose;
My cottage on Nith's verdant bank,
Far on the stream its shadow throws:
Groves filled with melody, behind,
Wave fragrant-topp'd in morning wind.

11.

And all around me is delight,
Loud bleat the flocks from sunward pen;
And pleasant cottages arise,
Filled with the happy hum of men:
But, inharmonious all to me,
Without, sweet maid, the love of thee.

LORD WILLIAM

SONG XXXVI.

1.

HIS chesnut maned courser Lord William has left,
Down among the yellow topp'd broom;
His golden belt doff'd, and his broad battle blade,
With his bright basnet and plume.
On Lincluden Abbey the setting sun sank,
As he walk'd through the arbours of green;
A white-footed damsel he found 'mongst the flow'rs,
But, a fountain them murmur'd between.

2.

Dark cluster'd that fair maiden's locks o'er her neck,
Blanch'd pure as the fountain-lav'd swan;
Like the evening star woke on the green mountain top,
All lovely she shone on the lawn.
Unadorn'd was her loveliness, save where the dew
New fallen 'mongst her temple locks hung;
All heedless she saunter'd, then rooted she stood,
Like a flow'r in a wilderness sprung.

3.

“ Oh give me one kiss, and those lillie-white feet
Will I lace up in silver-soled shoon;
Thy forehead and neck shall thy raven locks grace,
With a golden roof'd chariot aboon.

For far have I wander'd o'er ocean and plain,
By city, and fountain, and tree;
But, so beauteous a lass, on this green-bosom'd earth,
Mine eyes never gladden'd to see."

4.

Red-rosie she colour'd, and turn'd her about,
Her tears came fast dropping as dew;
By the sweep of her arm, and her white bounding foot,
His own dearest damsel he knew.
Over flow'r bank and fountain, Lord William he sprang,
His arms round his true-love to lay;—
And the birds in the morning melodious awoke,
Ere the kind maiden wish'd him away.

THE LOVESOME DAMSEL.

SONG XXXVII.

1.

THE deepest snow-wreaths drop away with the sun,
The coldest ice maun thowe when the summer is begun;
But love devout, or warmth of heart, or pray'r, or con-
stancie,
Cannot win a blythe blink of a fair damsel's e'e.

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2.

Her charming looks wad wile off the bird from the breer,
So eloquent her tongue, 'tis delight to be near;
Though light leaps each heart in her presence for to be,
Yet ne'er a lovesome blink can they win from her e'e.

3.

Ilk auld bodie calls her, the flow'r of the queans,
And the summer dew has faun on the last of her teens;
She is straight, tall and bonnie, as the new-budded tree,
And lightsome as spring to the whole countrie.

4.

She has bought a snowy hat, with a feather in the crown,
With clasps of beaten gold to her waist and her shoon;
With pearly sprains and silver nets to bind aboon her
bree,
And the pride has grown richer that dwells in her e'e.

5.

Though her hose were of silk, and with silver was she shod,
Though her forehead were pearl, with tresses of gowd;
Though her mind were a mine of new-minted monie,
She's poor with them all when pride's in her e'e.

6.

The kindly bird builds in the lowly bow'r tree,
In the lofty grove top love's the foolish bird to be;
And the hawk takes the high one, and lets the low one flee,
And so goes the damsel with pride in her e'e.

7.

O kind were the kisses once that dwelt on her mou',
She wad fa' in my arms like a new drop of dew;
But her love it wore away, like the leaf frae the tree,
Yet she menses even pride with her bonnie black e'e.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

SONG XXXVIII.

1.

"**T**HE cock that roosts on our tow'r top,
At morning dawn can crawl,
So come unto my chamber, love,
The silver bolt I'll draw;
And do not dread, my ruddy boy,
My father, or my mother's eye,
Their door with silken bands I'll tie,
Until the day doth daw."

2.

" Sweet dame, ne'er loose your door for me,
My foot will ne'er come in;
To wooe the sister of my love,
It were a deadly sin."
She pluck'd a bodkin from her gare,
And touch'd him on the bosom bare,
Till the best drops of his body fair,
Down his green weed did rin,

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3.

The draught of rosie wine did stop,
 As o'er his hause it ran;
 His soul sat trembling in his eye,
 As down his fair head hang;
 His ruddy cheek dropp'd on the ground,
 With all his bright locks curling round,
 Like violet poison'd by the wind,
 It's fresh green leaves amang.

4.

“Thy love may braid her yellow hair,
 With many a golden pin;
 And she may wave her arm of snow,
 To bid her love come in:
 Her rising breasts she may untie,
 To give her room to heave and sigh,
 And she may wipe her bonnie blue eye,
 Till it be red and blin’.”

 BOTHWELL BANK.

SONG XXXIX.

1.

SWEET Bothwell bank, again thy bow'rs
 Bud green, beneath spring's fostering show'rs;
 The lilly on the burn's gay brow,
 Wags its fair head o'erlaid with dew.

The fragrant cowslips, richly mealed,
Perfume thy walks by bush and bield;
And gladsome lark from morning cloud,
Drops earthward down, exulting loud.

2.

So sweet wert thou that summer night,
Beneath the moon's new-waken'd light;
When my fair youth, upon my breast,
Sick-smitten, laid his head to rest:
Heaven stole his angel soul away,
As in mine arms he beauteous lay;
Like storm-swept lilly on the ground,
With all his fair locks loose around.

3.

I howked a grave within my bower,
And there I laid my heavenly flower;
And thou wilt spring again, I said,
And bloom when other flow'rs will fade.
Refresh'd with dew divine thoult stand,
A posie fit for God's own hand;
Amang the flow'rs of heav'n to blaw,
When earthly flow'rs will fade awa'.

THE DISCONSOLATE DAMSEL.

SONG XL.

1.

“DESCEND sweet dove with snowy wing,
To fan and cool my bosom's heat;
Come thou gay merle from the bush,
Thy spotted plumes in my tears to weet;
For I have tint the dearest lad,
That ere made damsel's bosom glad.

2.

Sweet Nith, along thy golden sand,
Oft have I traced my true love's feet;
And bless'd the print of his white foot,
When it came lightly me to meet:
But, faithless rose thy rebel wave,
And swept my lover to his grave.

3.

I daurnae tell what dims my eye,
Or keeps it until morning woke;
Nor what my bosom fills with throbs,
Or what all earthly hope has broke;
Or why my soul remains with pain,
In earthly dwelling gross and vain.

4.

For when in adoration wrapt,
My father kneels in holy hour;
Oh! he doth pray for the wounded soul,
That heaven's breath may it restore:
My heart most comes in smother'd sighs,
And my sad soul melts in mine eyes.

MAY MACFARLANE.

SONG XLI.

1.

SPRING comes with pleasant green,
And herbs of heartsome odour;
Sweet sounds the silver stream,
With cowslip-cover'd border:
The lark sings 'mang the clouds,
On castle top the starling;
While lonesomelie I wauk,
For bonnie May Macfarlane.

2.

The gloamin brings nae rest,
I dauner dowf and drearie;
And dowie comes the morn,
Wi' dreaming of my dearie

Then rise the rosie lips,
 The raven tresses curlin;
 And smile the lovesome eyes
 Of bonnie May Macfarlane.

3.

Farewell Dalgonar glens,
 Where chrystal streams are flowin;
 Green hills and sunward braes,
 Where buds the snowy gowan.
 My heart is sick in love,
 With all the world's darlin;
 In foreign climes I'll mourn
 For bonnie May Macfarlane.

THE VAIN GLORY O'T.

SONG XLII.

1.

I MURMUR when I think on this weary world's pelf,
 And the little wee share that I hae o't to myself;
 And how the lass that wants it, is by the lads forgot;
 May shame fall the gear, and the vain glory o't.

2.

Each bird of pleasant note loved young Johnie at the plow,
 When merry came his song o'er the green grassy knowe;

Sweet sinking in my bosom, ah! ne'er to be forgot;
May shame fall the gear, and the vain glory o't.

3.

The summer leaf it came, and the summer breezes blew,
The young birds 'gan to chirm, and my lad began to woove;
And I tint my heart, ere I kenn'd the sorrow o't;
May shame fall the gear, and the vain glory o't.

4.

When the first sheaf of harvest was gather'd in the band,
My lad got a windfall of houses and land,
And forsook his sonsie lassie with the homely hoddin coat;
May shame fall the gear, and the vain glory o't.

5.

An ewe-milking maiden, and mucker of the byre,
Got a pose of red gold, and rich satin attire;
My faithless lover wooed her, and coost the bridal knot;
May shame fall the gear, and the vain glory o't.

6.

Lang, lang, I woeful sat in my shieling my lane,
A nourishing a poor broken heart of my ain;
For love in my e'e was a bitter bitter mote;
May shame fall the gear, and the vain glory o't.

7.

But, a honey drap of pride pleased the pain of my e'e,
Then lightsomely I sang, like a bird on bloomy tree;
"Who leaves a lass for lack of gold, he is not worth a
groat;
May shame fall the gear, and the vain glory o't."

LOVELY WOMAN.

SONG XLIII.

1.

I'VE rock'd me on the giddy mast,
Through seas tempestuous foamin;
I've brav'd the toil of mountain storm,
From dawning day till gloamin:
Round the green-bosom'd earth sea swept,
In search of pleasure roamin;
And found the world a wilderness,
Without thee, lovely woman.

2.

The farmer reaps the golden fields,
The merchant sweeps the ocean;
The soldiers' steeds gore-fetlock'd snort,
Through warfare's wild commotion:
All combat in eternal toil,
Mirk midnight, day, and gloamin;
To pleasure heaven's divinest gift,
Thee! lovely conquering woman.

3.

The savage in the desert dark,
The monster's lair exploring;
The sceptre-swaying prince who rules,
The nations round adoring:

The lonesome laurell'd-templed bard,
Dew-footed at the gloamin,
Melodious wooes the world's ear,
To please thee, lovely woman.

THE MOURNING MAIDEN.

SONG XLIV.

1.

THE hoary winter's gone, blythe blinks the spring-time
sun,
The small birds sing on every tree ;
The riv'lets murmur clear, green buds the fragrant breer,
Sweet hums mid the herb tops the bee.
The heart of man leaps glad, to see the woodlands clad,
And the yellow lillies wave on the lee ;
But to me on the plains, still the winter tempest reigns,
Since my lover has parted from me.

2.

Oh, the little bird is blest, while it nourishes its nest,
And dries its dewy wings in the sun,
The fountains tinkle sweet with the drops of odorous
weet,
They drink from the flow'rs as they run ;

To the winter-smitten woods, to the herb by frozen floods,
The spring's balmy honours return ;
But to my stricken heart, nought can pleasure impart,
I wake but to weep and to mourn.

3.

True love's the summer sun, that its radiant course does run,
Heart cheering and charming to view ;
But false love is the moon, night wand'ring up and down,
Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.
Oh, can it joy impart, for to win a simple heart,
Then cast it to sadness and pain ;
While I wander on the earth, nor peace, love, or mirth,
Will e'er gladden my bosom again.

THE MARINER.

SONG XLV.

1.

YE winds that kiss the grove's green tops,
And sweep the mountains hoar,
Oh softly stir the ocean waves,
Which sleep along the shore;
For my love sails the fairest ship,
That wantons on the sea,
Oh, bend his masts with balmy gales,
And waft him home to me.

2.

Forsake nae mair the lonesome glen,
Clear burn and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walked in gloaming gray,
And sighed and looked of love;
For faithless is the ocean wave,
And faithless is the wind,
Then leave nae mair my heart to break,
'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

LORD RANDAL.

SONG XLVI.

1.

THE cold wind swept a starless sky,
The hills were grimed with snaw,
At mirk midnight a lady's voice,
Rose by the castle wa'—
"Oh come, Lord Randal, open your door,
Oh open and let me in,
The snaw hangs on my scarlet robes,
The sleet drips down my chin.

2.

"Light throb'd my heart in maiden pride,
When first ye kiss'd my glove,
Fair Clouden on thy faithless bank,
And won my virgin love;

Now sweet wad blaw the wind that froze,
The death drap in mine e'e,
Soon may the spring-time gowan grace,
The turf to cover me,"

3.

Low sank her voice, faint plaining wild,
The turret tops amang,
Lord Randal started from his couch,
Wide every portal sprang ;
Mournful called he his true love's name,
Down rained the bitter tear,
But ah, ne'er mortal voice again,
Might win that lady's ear.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

SONG XLVII.

1.

THE winter wind hangs heavy
With the smoke of my hame;
The echoes yet are murm'ring,
With shrieks of my dame;
The moans of my children,
Yet dream me awake,
Though the heart's-blood lies frozen,
I spilt for their sake.

2.

How blythsome blew the reaper's horn,
Afore my harvest band,
Till the drum of the spoiler
Awoke in the land :
Now I nestle with the eagle,
In the high mountain hold,
And I roam with the wild fox,
That howls on the wold.

3.

My locks are frozen to the ground,
And sleety comes the rain,
Thou summer wind, to warm the earth,
When wilt thou come again ;
For when the dreary wind is gone,
Sharp sleet and driving snaw,
Sound will I sleep aneath the turf,
Where primroses blaw.

JEANIE WALKER.

SONG XLVIII.

1.

FRESHNESS dwells on my love's cheeks,
Like a dew-washen April gowan ;
Her mouth is a delicious spring,
With sweetest eloquence o'er-flowin ;
In every glance and smile appear,
Divinest graces of her Maker ;
She's the top shoot of beauty's tree,
My young and winsome Jeanie Walker,

2.

Meg with her farms and dow'rs of gold,
And naigie's reins of jinglin siller,
Makes all the ladses hearts to leap,
And spring like May-day frogs until her.
I'm no the bird will catch with chaff,
Let those who love sic crinkams take her ;
Give me the beauteous treasure,
That holds the soul of Jeanie Walker.

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

SONG XLIX.

1.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath among the flow'rs
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tap of downe;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met among the hawthorn groves,
The lovely lass of Preston mill.

2.

Her naked feet among the grass,
Shone like two dew-gemmed lillies fair,
Dark o'er her temples fell her locks,
And curling swept her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich with bloomy youth,
Her lips were sweet as violet bell,
And heav'n seem'd looking through her e'en,
The lovely lass of Preston mill.

3.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang with me,
Where black-cocks crawl, and plovers cry,
Six hills are woolly with my sheep,
Six vales are lowing with my kye:

G

I hae looked lang for a weel-faured lass,
 By Nithsdale's holms, and grove, and hill—
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
 The lovely lass of Preston mill.

4.

I said, "Sweet damsel, look nae down,
 But gie's a kiss, and gae with me;"
 A lovelier face O never looked up,
 And the tears were drapping frae her e'e.
 "I have a lad, who's far away,
 That weel could win a woman's will,
 My heart's already fou of love"—
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston mill.

5.

"Who is he that could leave sic a lass,
 And seek for love in a far countrie;"
 Fast fell her tears as summer rain,
 I fain wou'd have wiped them frae her e'e.
 I took ae kiss of her comely cheek—
 "For pity's sake, kind sir, be still,
 My heart is full of other love"—
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston mill.

6.

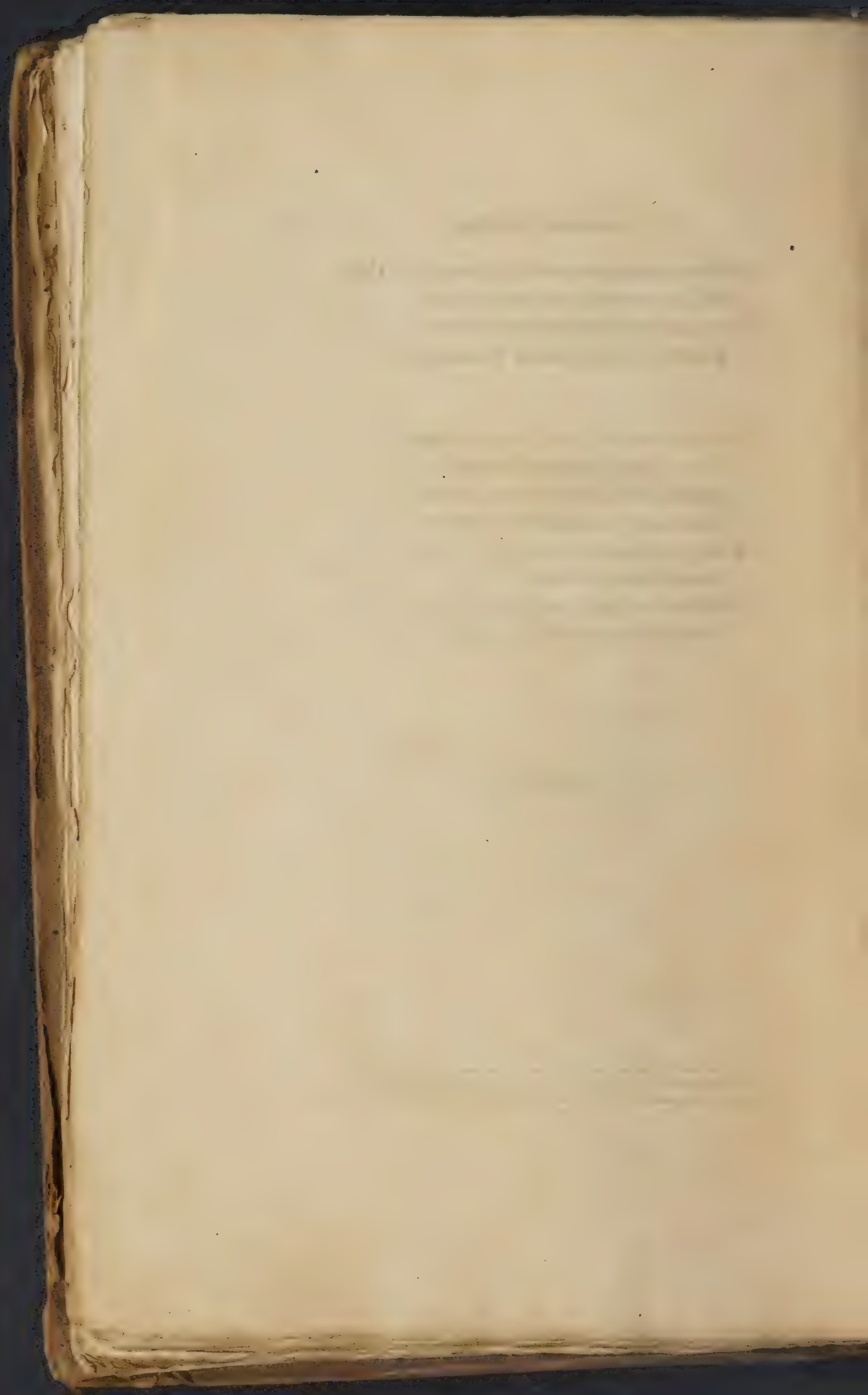
She heaven-ward stretched her two white hands,
 And lifted up her watry e'e,
 "So lang's my heart kens ought of God,
 Or light is gladsome to my e'e;

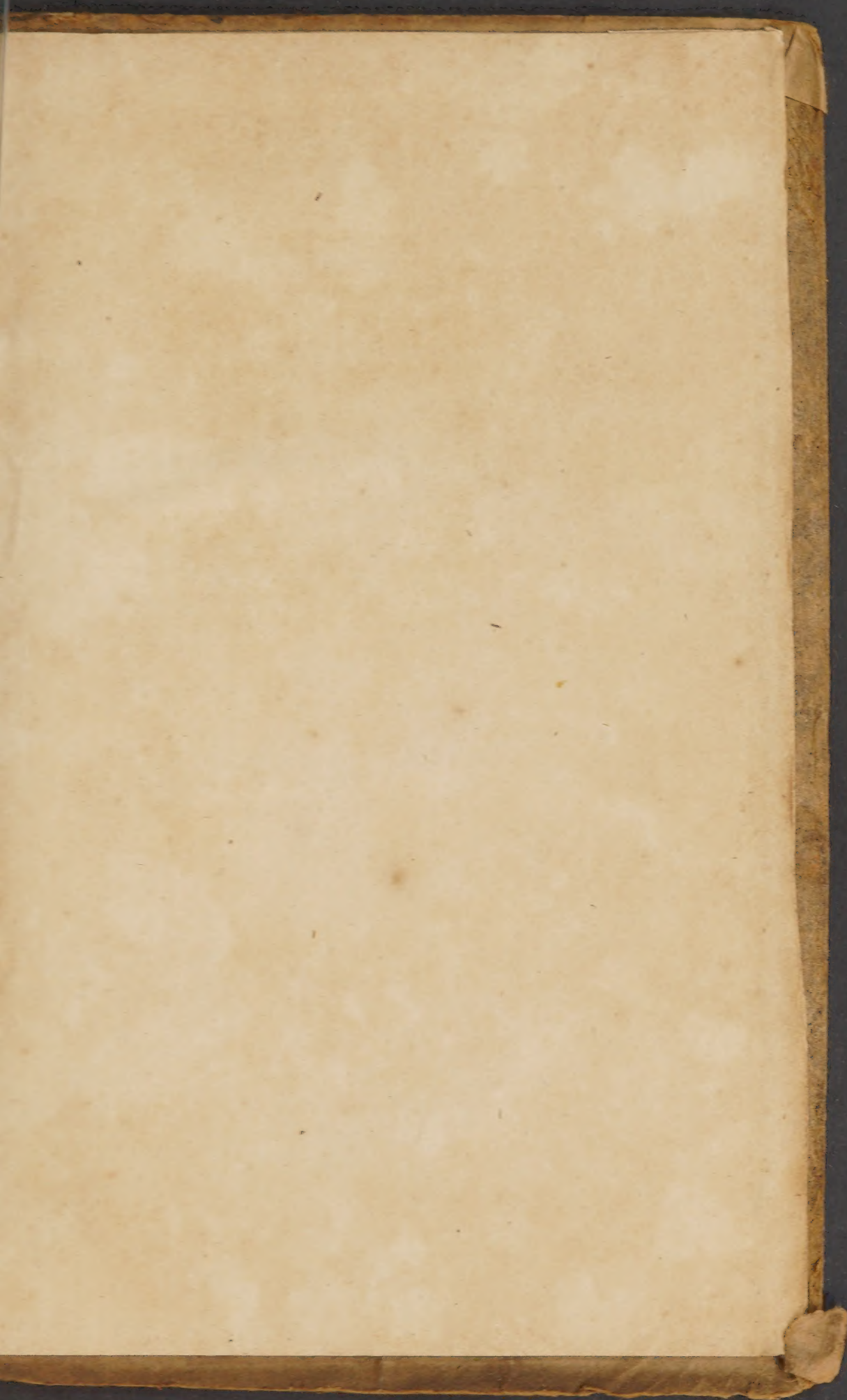
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
Till my last drop of blood be still,
My heart shall hold no other love"—
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston mill.

7.

Fair maidens dwell on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fou ;
By lonesome Clouden's hermit stream,
Lives many a gentle dame, I trow :
O they are stars of a lovesome kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill ;
But there's a light puts them all out,
The lovely lass of Preston mill.

THE END.





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